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CONTENTS

	PAGE
COMMENTS	545
THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR	548
WHAT ABOUT THE WAGE-EARNERS	549
BRITISH MOTIVES IN THE WAR	550
JEAN JAURES	551
THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW. By Robert Dell	553
WAR AND THE IMAGINATION	554
THE VEXED ANTIPODES. By Edward Tregear	556
MALINGERING: TWO SIDES	557
THE PROBLEM OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION	558
CORRESPONDENCE: From Elizabeth Bolt, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Aileen Everitt, Elisabeth Cobb, C. Delisle Burns, and R. Saunderson	559
A GERMAN SOLDIER-POET. By E. Buxton Shanks	561
A CITY TAKEN. By Rothay Reynolds	562
SUMMER NIGHTFALL. By George Reston Malloch	564
AUGUST THE FOURTH. By Desmond MacCarthy	564
BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS. By W. Denis Browne	565
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Solomon Eagle	566
NEW NOVELS. By Gerald Gould	567
REVIEWS:	
Vitalism	568
The Progress of Syndicalism	569
Elizabethan Literature	570
The Balkan War	571
The Principles of Taxation	571
SHORTER NOTICES	572
THE CITY. By Emil Davies	573

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BRITAIN has joined in the great European conflict, and our Government has declared war upon Germany in circumstances which have secured for it the united and determined support of the nation. It is possible to argue that our foreign policy has for ten years been misguided. It is possible to argue that the theory of the Balance of Power was bound to lead to disaster, and that British statesmen must share with their foreign colleagues in the ultimate responsibility for this appalling disaster. But it is not possible, on the facts as they are known to us, for any man not blinded by his prepossessions to deny that Britain has never gone to war with cleaner hands. Whether our previous policy was right or wrong, when the crisis was on us there was no time for reconsidering it. All Sir Edward Grey could do was to strive under the existing conditions to prevent war or to localise it. The mass of Englishmen, who wholeheartedly desired to avert war, were behind him in his efforts, and are convinced that those efforts were sincere and tireless.

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Why did he fail? We do not attempt to apportion the immediate blame for this war as between Germany, Russia, and Austria. We do not imagine that the information now before us, even including the Foreign Office documents issued on Wednesday night, will be adequate material for the deductions of the impartial historians of posterity. But whether actuated mainly by fear of Russia, by loyalty to Austria, or by some less creditable motive, the German Government, it seems clear, did not strain itself to assist the British endeavours to "arrange" the Austro-Servian dispute. And our attempts to remain neutral when war was inevitable appear to have been interpreted in Berlin as implying that our neutrality was purchasable. Diplomatists proverbially work on the basis of a low view of human nature, but even from diplomatists few cooler suggestions can have come in modern times than the suggestion that we should bargain away Belgium's neutrality and the French Colonies for the sake of saving ourselves from the expense of war and securing a hypothetical general neutrality agreement with Germany in the future. As things happened, the disclosure of these communications had, as far as concerned the need for commanding public support here, become superfluous. For by her action in crossing the Belgian frontier and threatening to use force of arms against Belgian resistance, Germany had already put the worst countenance on her whole position and cut the ground from under the feet of the considerable party in this country who might otherwise have continued to urge her case. In the eyes of the ordinary Englishman of whatever party, she then damned herself by trampling on law and decency.

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The British people—like most other peoples involved—and the British Government have gone into this struggle reluctantly. We are waging war in cold blood, without hatred. It is inconceivable that, being flesh and blood, the British people will not celebrate whatever victories may be achieved by their Fleet and their Army. But their general temper towards the war and towards the enemy is at present admirable, and we

trust that it will continue so. For though it is our business to resist German aggression, it will be lamentable if the necessity of doing this generates a desire to exercise the extreme of vengeance against her. Whether we and our allies will have the opportunity of doing this remains to be seen. There are those who think that on land she will hold her own, and no one can fail to admire the stupendous confidence with which she has been dealing out ultimatums all round like so many cards. But, assuming that she can be beaten to her knees, a host of problems present themselves which we cannot properly confront unless we keep our heads and preserve a state of mind which will enable us to take detached and long views.

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It is our duty even now to consider all the possibilities of the future. A complete and utter crushing of Germany and Austria (both of which are less stable than any of their enemies) *might* mean the break-up of both empires. It might mean the paramountcy of Russia in the Balkans and in Asia Minor, and her command over the routes to the East. That, from the point of view of British interests, would be as disastrous as any German triumph. But there is more than that in it. The general interests of western civilisation may be at stake. We cannot get away from the fact that no gain to western civilisation, but a loss, would be achieved were Russia to profit to the extent of carving a Baltic province out of Germany. The mere fact that Russia has borrowed vast sums from France has not civilised her, though it may have warmed France's heart towards her. The higher civilisation of Europe stops at the Adriatic and at the eastern frontiers of Germany and German Austria. We all know, and it is of crucial importance that we should never for a moment forget it, that in the present war the three most enlightened and illustrious communities of the Old World are tearing at each other's throats under the eyes of a vast Power, mediæval in its thought, though modern in its appliances of war, that might, should they exhaust each other, threaten them all, the ideals that they stand for, and the culture that through painful centuries of development they have evolved.

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Sooner or later, bled white or only partially exhausted, the Powers now fighting will have to stop and readjust their relations with a treaty. We cannot go on fighting for ever; under modern conditions we may not be able to go on fighting very long; and it behoves us, even whilst in the thick of "Armageddon," to think about what will come after. And we must think about it, not as narrow diplomatists caring not if the sky falls as long as immediate so-called gains can be made, but as good Europeans. We must frame and bear in mind a constructive solution; and even if we have little hope of achieving it immediately, it must be cherished as a principle whereby we test our actions during and after these hostilities. France, no less than Germany or England, cannot afford to make Russia dominant in the West. Sweden and Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium have an overwhelming interest in Western solidarity. It is most important that we in England should keep under consideration the prospect of eventually acting with Germany and France as the trustees of peace and civilisation. To that sooner or later we shall have to come, and all the bloodshed in the world will not alter the real problem a jot. The sooner the peoples resolve to tackle it, acknowledging that their diplomacy has reduced itself to an absurdity, the better for themselves and for humanity at large.

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Discussion concerning the nature of the understanding between England and France is at present rather barren. The arrangement with respect to the fleets was known, and it was to be presumed that it had its corollaries. Technically, it did not pledge us to join in a war; morally, it bound us to a war under certain conditions. As long as Europe is a congeries of armed and mutually distrustful rivals, so long, we reluctantly confess, will complete frankness in these matters be out of the question. But we will say this: Sir Edward Grey's whole tone as regards the necessity of support from public opinion was a demonstration of the reality of democracy in this country and indicated an advancing influence of democracy upon diplomacy. We have now developed the habit of self-government to such a pitch that except for well-defined and understood purposes alliances (in the old sense) have become almost impossible.

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The last week-end witnessed the collapse of the peace parties throughout the whole of Europe. In France the Confédération Générale du Travail appealed to all Trade Unionists to aid in the defence of their country, and M. Hervé himself asked to be sent to the front. In Belgium M. Vandervelde accepted office in the Conservative-Clerical Ministry. M. Troelstra, in the Dutch Parliament, voiced the patriotic sentiments of the Socialists of Holland. We learn that at least some of the leading representatives of the South German Socialists have rallied to the national flag on the ground that they cannot refuse to countenance the defence of Teutonic civilisation against the Russian peril. But the German censorship has prevented any news reaching this country with regard to the attitude taken up by the North German Socialists since the peace demonstrations of last week. Nor do we know how the Socialist members received the Kaiser's appeal to the Reichstag last Tuesday for the support of all parties. There seems, however, to be little doubt that the peace parties of Germany have collapsed before the spectre of the Russian peril, just as German aggression (for which the Russian peril is the excuse, if not the justification) has frustrated all the efforts of the pacifist elements in the countries bordering on the western German frontier.

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In the United Kingdom previous to the definite announcement of the infringement of Belgian neutrality the whole of the Labour movement was undoubtedly on the side of peace. But it failed signally to provide any striking demonstration of the desire of the workers for a policy of neutrality. The meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday was, to say the least, not impressive. After Sir Edward Grey's announcement on Monday

night of the German refusal to give an undertaking not to infringe Belgian neutrality, an unconditional demand for peace became impossible, as even Mr. Macdonald seemed to admit. When the German invasion of Belgium became a fact Socialists and Radicals might criticise the course of British foreign policy which had brought this country to the threshold of war, but only the irreconcilable upholders of the logical pacifist principle could continue to oppose the Government on the actual issues of the moment.

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The irreconcilables, however, included Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who has, we much regret to learn, resigned the chairmanship of the Parliamentary Labour Party owing to a difference of view with some of his colleagues. They also included three members of the Government: Lord Morley, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. Trevelyan. Mr. Trevelyan alone, in an eloquent letter to his constituents, has explained his exact position. In any case they are all entitled to the respect due to men who, for whatever reason, sacrifice their positions at the dictates of their consciences. The end of Lord Morley's long career is worthy of the remainder of it. Mr. Burns has already, by joining the Advisory Committee which is to supervise the Government scheme for the relief of distress, shown that his retirement does not mean a slackening of his public activities. Lord Morley's nominal office of Lord President is to be taken by Lord Beauchamp. Mr. Runciman leaves the Board of Agriculture in order to succeed Mr. Burns at the Board of Trade, being himself replaced by Lord Lucas. We trust that the new President of the Board of Agriculture will lose no time in pushing forward the Government's rural housing scheme, which may prove to be one of the valuable means of counteracting unemployment in the building and allied trades. The Office of Works, of which Lord Emmott has become First Commissioner, should also vigorously push forward Government undertakings.

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Since Tuesday the Labour Party has wisely abandoned the discussion of the merits of the war policy and concentrated its energies on securing the recognition by the Government of the needs of the wage-earners. On Wednesday it convened a meeting in a House of Commons Committee-room of nearly a hundred representatives of Labour and Socialist organisations, men and women, to concert adequate measures for meeting the situation. In a gathering comprising nearly all the leaders, marked by grave earnestness and absolute unanimity of feeling, criticism and recrimination were by common consent avoided, and a representative executive was unanimously appointed. Resolutions were agreed to asking that the Government should at once take action to prevent the occurrence of unemployment by maintaining and increasing all staffs, that the operations of the Development Commissioners and the Road Board should be stimulated, that the Distress Committees under the Unemployed Workmen Act should be promptly put in operation, that the Local Government Board should issue a circular to Local Authorities urging them to set on foot new enterprises, that school-feeding (opportunely facilitated by the Labour Party's School Meals Bill) and municipal milk depots should save the children from want, and that the representatives of working-class organisations (including women and Co-operators) should everywhere be associated with the "Citizens' Committees" which the Government is instituting in every district. The ever-active Mr. Hyndman succeeded in grafting on a resolution calling on the Government to fix prices by law and take over all distribution of food. To this we may come, but we think not yet.

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The outbreak of war has, of course, created a disposition favourable to a settlement of trade disputes. The farmers in the Saffron Walden district have conceded the demands of their labourers, who are going back to work with a minimum weekly cash wage of fifteen shillings and a promise of £8 for harvest money. The Herefordshire labourers have obtained extensive concessions, including general recognition of the Union and of the minimum of fourpence an hour which they were demanding. The marine engineers who are on strike have obtained the terms which they were demanding as far as concerns work undertaken by shipowners for the Government. Most important of all, the prolonged dispute in the London building trades has been settled. The men now accept the terms rejected by them at the last ballot, with the proviso that the controversial questions of the right to refuse to work with non-unionists, the right of foremen to join the Unions, and the labourer's overtime rate are to be submitted to the National Conciliation Board for final decision. The settlement, of course, disposes of the question of a national lock-out. The Mersey Docks and Harbour Board has not yet agreed to recognise the Unions of the harbour workers who are on strike. The prolongation of this dispute (solely owing to the Board's persistence in a refusal to recognise collective bargaining) would be intolerable in the present situation.

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The strongest bulwark which the working classes possess against the charging of extortionate prices for food in the present situation is undoubtedly the co-operative society. The prices charged by the co-operative stores throughout the country will prove an invaluable index of the extent to which the inevitable rise in the cost of food is a legitimate reflection of increases in wholesale prices. Already the co-operative societies have been compelled to raise some of their prices; but, so far as can be gathered from inquiries in London, the increases are smaller than those fixed by the retail dealers. For instance, the co-operative stores were still selling bread at 5½d. the loaf; the private traders had raised the price to 6½d. The large Woolwich society had at one stage last week to protect itself against an invasion of rich outside purchasers who endeavoured to buy up goods on a large scale by restricting sales to its members. We can conceive no more useful step which can be taken by private individuals at the present moment than propaganda,

XUM

with the object of enrolling members in the co-operative societies.

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The effect of the European war on the Irish situation is likely to be considerable. Mr. Redmond's brief speech in the House of Commons on Monday is recognised by all parties to have been a master stroke. His declaration of loyalty and his offer of the Nationalist Volunteers for the defence of Ireland (in co-operation with the armed Ulstermen) made an irresistible appeal. Naturally he reminded the House of the parallel with the situation in 1778, when the Irish Volunteers were formed owing to the absence of British troops abroad. The existence of the Volunteer Force, of course, subsequently compelled Great Britain to concede independence to the Dublin Parliament. Mr. Redmond's offer of the Nationalist Volunteers has been followed by one from Sir Edward Carson, who has asked the authorities what assistance his Ulster force can render, and has informed them that some of the Ulstermen are willing to serve outside Ireland. The Irish are willing to defend their country jointly, thus enabling the soldiers of the garrison to be removed, and we even hear of members of the two forces toasting each other in the streets of Belfast. By a strange irony of circumstances, it may be that an attack upon the liberties of Servia will prove indirectly to have consolidated those of Ireland. We are not so rash as to suppose that the whole cleavage between Protestant and Catholic Ireland has been abolished at a stroke. But it is, at least, likely that this co-operation of both sides for a common purpose will diminish their animosities after the crisis has passed away, and promote the ideal of an United Ireland. And on this side of the Irish Sea the fear of Home Rule must certainly—as Unionist papers have been freely implying—be modified by the spectacle of an Ireland solid in its loyalty to the flag. "England's difficulty" has proved "Ireland's opportunity"—not of molesting her, but of demonstrating friendship towards her.

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This war is likely to be the least actually observed, the least contemporaneously reported, and the most imaginatively lied about of any since war correspondents began. No English, French, or American correspondents will be allowed to approach the German and Austrian fronts; and no telegrams from behind will probably be allowed to leave those countries. Of the Russian Army we shall hear practically nothing, except what may be officially promulgated, and this will always be contradicted by German official reports. Of the Belgian and French armies, with which telegraphic and postal communication may remain open, the military censors will take care that little definite is said. The British Government has intimated to the newspapers that no information as to the British naval or military preparations is to be published, and practically none has appeared. At present nine-tenths of the bewildering mass that appears as war news is mere imaginative rumour; and a large proportion of what is stated in one column is contradicted in another. We propose to give our readers, week by week, a summary of what seems to be the best-authenticated news.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

The events leading up to the war may be briefly summarised. The deliberately planned assassination in Bosnia of the heir to the Austrian throne, plainly instigated from the Servian capital, was the signal for a great outburst of popular feeling. On July 23rd the Austro-Hungarian Government presented a note to Servia, giving that government only forty-eight hours within which to agree to a whole series of demands derogatory to its independence. Servia appealed to Russia, and on July 24th the Russian Cabinet deemed these demands a challenge to Russian influence in the Balkans. The Servian Government made, however, a conciliatory reply, promising acceptance of nearly all Austria's demands, and asking for arbitration about the rest. On July 25th Austria declared this reply unsatisfactory, and its minister left Belgrade. Two days later (July 27th), Sir Edward Grey proposed a conference of ambassadors at London, a proposal accepted by France and Italy, but refused by Germany. On July 28th Austro-Hungary declared war on Servia. Two days later the Russian army began mobilisation, to the serious concern of Germany, where a War Council was held (July 30th), which declared, on the following day, a "state of war." (The eminent French Socialist leader, Jaurès, was assassinated in a Paris café on July 31st.) On August 1st Germany declared war on Russia, and at once occupied neutralised Luxemburg. On August 2nd Italy declared its determination to remain neutral. On August 3rd Germany peremptorily demanded of Belgium permission to cross its territory, which Belgium refused as inconsistent with her neutrality. Sir Edward Grey declared that the United Kingdom must defend Belgian neutrality and protect the North and West coasts of France; the British fleet was thereupon mobilised. On August 4th Sir Edward Grey demanded an assurance from Germany by midnight that Belgian neutrality shall be respected; meanwhile Germany formally declared war on France; the German troops actually crossed the Belgian frontier; the British army began to mobilise, and the United Kingdom declared war on Germany at 11 p.m. (or midnight by Berlin time).

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The march of events has deprived the Austrian attack on Servia of most of its interest. The Austrian troops have maintained a perfunctory bombardment of Belgrade and sunk Servian vessels in the Danube. The Servian Court and main forces have retired to Nish. But the Austrian forces were not supported in strength, and have apparently now been drawn back.

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On the Russo-German frontier minor incidents occur of no military importance. A German cruiser throws a few shells into Libau, a Baltic port. There are rumours, without confirmation so far, that the German fleet has seized the Aland Islands, lying between Sweden and Russia, and compelled the small Russian navy to retire covering St. Petersburg.

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A crop of frontier incidents are reported from the Franco-German border, in which the German troops are everywhere the aggressors. The German troops are massing in Luxemburg, and are pouring into Belgium. But owing to the prompt destruction of bridges, etc., they have found difficulty in crossing the deep and rapid Meuse. A fierce battle has taken place in front of Liége, and the German troops are said to have lost thousands of men. The French forces are moving to the aid of the Belgians.

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The mobilisation of the French and German forces can, it seems, hardly be completed until about August 14th to 16th; and it may well be that no serious battle will take place before then. The Austrian mobilisation, and still more the Russian, will be further delayed,

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Meanwhile the British fleet is in great force in the North Sea, but the German fleet is unlikely to attempt any general engagement. A German steamer (*Königen Luise*), engaged in mine-laying has been sunk. A score of German merchant vessels have been seized in British ports. The British cruiser *Amphion* has been blown up by a mine with a loss of 131 lives. Heavy fighting between the main fleets is, as we write, reported. The British Government is embodying the Territorials, and has taken over the administration of all the railways. The Commons have voted a war credit of £100,000,000, and half-a-million extra soldiers are to be raised.

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In the Mediterranean, where three or four German war vessels happened to be, one at least has been captured by the French.

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WHAT ABOUT THE WAGE-EARNERS

IN one terrible week Europe has plunged into war—war of an economic destructiveness that man has never yet seen. What within the flimsy fabric of our capitalist civilisation, is going to happen to the millions of wage-earning homes?

In a week unparalleled in our experience, step after step of unprecedented boldness has been taken for the protection of the tottering fabric of commercial credit: the doubling of the Bank rate of discount to protect our gold reserve, and its immediate further elevation to the panic price of 10 per cent.; the sudden closing of the London Stock Exchange and of every other Stock Exchange in the world in order to avoid a calamitous further depreciation of securities; the postponement of the Settlement day to save half a hundred brokers and jobbers from being "hammered" because of the non-arrival of the remittances due to them; the cautious refusal of the banks to honour any but the smallest cheques in gold, compelling something like a miniature "run" on the Bank of England to change the notes thus forced into circulation; the proclamation of a "moratorium" of a month on current bills of exchange, and subsequently on debts generally, with certain exceptions such as wages, salaries, rents, dividends, taxes and debts under £5, the extension of the statutory Bank Holiday from one to four days in order to enable the banks to strengthen their position—creating, in effect, for these four days an inconvertible paper currency, for Bank of England notes were still legal tender and yet could not be cashed—and, most dramatic of all, the establishment of a State Insurance Office and the assumption by the Government of the cost of insuring against "war risks" the cargoes on all the British ships on the sea or under contract to sail! We see no reason to object to any of these emergency measures, which have received practically unanimous support in financial circles. They afford us reassuring testimony that instantaneous action, even of an unprecedented kind, is still possible to our various authorities whenever a real emergency has to be met. And by such action we have, so far, been saved from any widespread financial collapse. Securities have been unsaleable, foreign remittances almost impossible to buy, telegraphic withdrawals from the Post Office Savings Bank suspended, any but the smallest amount of gold has been nearly as unprocurable in London as in Paris or Vienna; but the ordinary business of the country has not been stopped, and fewer than a score of comparatively unimportant failures have occurred. Further executive measures may yet be required if the worst happens; but these—it has already been made known—will be instantly taken as soon as they are required. The printing press is working night and day to increase the legal tender note-issue—including postal orders and 10s. notes—involving what is curiously called a suspension of the Bank Charter Act. What effects the war will have upon the finance, credit, currency, and banking of Great Britain and Ireland in the next few weeks no man can say. But for the present financial London, and with it the whole credit system of the United Kingdom, has weathered the storm.

But what about the effect of the general European war, and of the war panic in this country, upon the fifteen millions of wage-earners? It is, of course, to the interest of the wage-earners, as well as of employers and the propertied classes, that a collapse of credit should be averted. We therefore make no complaint against the City for clamouring first for special financial protection, nor against the Government for instantly conceding it. But what may suffice to save the financiers from bankruptcy will not, in itself, be enough to protect the wage-earners from want. Each class is affected in a particular way, and for each the appropriate remedy is required.

The main evil to be feared—unfortunately not a doubtful contingency, but a certainty—is the widespread diminution of employment. The export of coal from Cardiff is practically at a standstill. Nearly all the Northumberland mines are already stopped. The sudden stoppage of imports from the Continent means empty wharves and warehouses without work. Tyne and Wear and Humber are filled with ships without cargoes. Already many tens of thousands of sailors, stevedores, coal trimmers, and labourers are without employment, and their wives without money to buy the children food. Everywhere business projects are being suspended and enterprises curtailed. Each stoppage sends its reverberations of diminished demand throughout the whole kingdom. Already unemployment is mounting up, and the Labour Exchanges will find themselves registering hundreds of thousands of applicants for whom no situations can be found. How does the nation stand as regards this particular calamity of the wage-earning class? Only one-fifth of the wage-earners are insured, and these only for insufficient sums. The Development Commission and the Road Board were told to prepare for increasing unemployment, so as to put in execution, at different parts of the kingdom, new works of construction sufficient at any rate to keep up the total demand for labour to something like its normal aggregate. Mr. Samuel, on Thursday night, held out hopes of early action by these two authorities—let us hope they will not delay! And why has nothing been heard during the past week of the Government's proposals with regard to the rural housing scheme? There is every reason for pushing forward schemes of building, whether through local authorities or through public utility societies, in both rural and urban districts. Meanwhile the Local Government Board has its own responsibility in the matter. The municipal authorities will be apt, like the capitalists in business for profit, to curtail their undertakings and reduce their staffs. We hope that there will be a prompt response to Mr. Herbert Samuel's circular, reminding all the councillors and officials that their duty at this juncture is just the opposite. It is essential that the vacancies caused by the calling out of the Reservists and the embodiment of the Territorials should not be left unfilled. The places should, of course, be kept open, to be eventually resumed by those called away for service. But authorities should at once temporarily engage men up to the full strength, instead of reducing the services or working overtime.

But councillors all over the kingdom have a further duty. Every Local Authority in the kingdom ought at this moment to be augmenting its enterprises and actually increasing its staff, in order, as far as possible, to maintain undiminished the aggregate volume of employment throughout the kingdom. Failing any more satisfactory method of dealing with those who, despite all our efforts, are thrown out of work, the Distress Committees must everywhere resume their duties and set on foot, with the necessary Government grant, works of local improvement in order that no able-bodied man may be left without some sort of honourable employment. There is every reason why we should stave off to the utmost the need for any handing out of doles, not to speak of resorting to (as regards the able-bodied) our obsolete and barbarous Poor Law.

Next to unemployment, the evil to be averted is the rise of prices without a corresponding rise in wages. Here the first line of defence against a "corner in food" is the great Co-operative Movement, with its three millions of members, who are to a large extent protected against the undue extortions of the middleman. Every wage-earner not already a member should be urged to join the nearest co-operative society. But these democratically governed stores do not yet cover the whole country, and do not yet all supply every requisite. In Germany, Austria, and Switzerland the local authorities are doing their best to check the unnecessary rise of prices by hundreds of municipal shops, supplying meat, bread, fish, milk, and vegetables at practically cost price. We much regret that no short Act of Parliament has been hurried through (like the Postponement of Payments Bill) in a single evening, authorising any urban council, if it should think fit, to supply provisions to anyone willing to carry them home, at a price just covering the cost of retailing. We put no confidence in proposals to fix a "maximum price," or for the Government to organise the "distribution of food" (otherwise than by the opening of municipal shops). Some rise of price cannot be prevented, and wages ought to be raised to meet it. In this matter the National Government, which is by far the largest single employer of labour in the kingdom, ought to lead the way. As prices rise the rates of wages of all Government employees ought to be raised. Where rates are fixed by Collective Agreements, steps ought promptly to be taken to get these periodically adjusted to the rise. The Board of Trade has the special responsibility of seeing to it that the determinations of the Trade Boards are promptly adjusted to the new conditions. What steps will the Board of Trade take, moreover, to bring home the responsibility of the railway companies in the matter? It is, of course, urgent that the three Local Government Boards for England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively should remind local authorities, who are themselves very large employers, that it is their duty in this crisis to raise wages, step by step, in exact correspondence with prices.

A good beginning has been made. But a very great deal yet remains to be done. The minds of Ministers normally run to the relief of distress, the raising of charitable funds, the provision of relief works for the men thrown out, and so on—they do not think first of actually *preventing the occurrence* of unemployment. (We hope the report is not true that the Postmaster-General is actually diminishing his staff and reducing the postal services by not taking on temporary men to replace the withdrawn Reservists and Territorials. Such action would be wantonly to create the distress the Government now seeks to relieve.) A somewhat magniloquent "Relief of Distress" Committee is announced, consisting of ten Members of Parliament only, nearly all busy Ministers, without one workman or one woman! The Prince of Wales has issued a national appeal for charity. The newspapers are to be asked to beg. To distribute the doles thus obtained a "Citizens' Committee" is to be formed in every district (here, again, neither the women nor the great Co-operative Movement have apparently been thought of). Relief works will be set on foot for the unemployed. In spite of Mr. Herbert Samuel's welcome recognition of the principle of the prevention of unemployment, there are as yet no signs of deliberate and systematic efforts on the part of the Government *to maintain the aggregate volume of wage-earning employment throughout the country as nearly as possible at its present level.* Let the Government and local authorities make all necessary preparations for the provision of honourable maintenance for the unemployed. But let them also primarily make up their minds to regard the problem from the point of view of preventing unemployment from occurring—and, in fact, mobilising our industrial as well as our military forces.

BRITISH MOTIVES IN THE WAR

SIR EDWARD GREY, last Monday, suggested three grounds on which we might be led into the European conflict—the tie of the *Entente*, the possibility of Germany's bombarding the French Channel coast, and that of her violating the neutrality of Belgium. Regarding the first, he was at pains to show that we were not formally tied at all; and, while declining to pronounce on our moral obligation (a matter about which "every man must look into his own heart" and judge), he implied that, though it had to be borne in mind, it would not justify our fighting if it stood by itself. The exposure of the French Channel coast touched us more nearly, because the concentration of the French navy in the Mediterranean was decided with our cognisance and approval. Finally, it was in his judgment, impossible for Great Britain, without a fatal loss of the world's respect, to throw over her guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium.

Peace and war, therefore, depended on the last two points, of which one could be settled. The British Government had promised France the day before to keep the German fleet out of the Channel, and Germany was willing to concede this if Great Britain remained neutral. Unhappily the case of Belgian neutrality was different. Sir Edward Grey in the previous week had asked both France and Germany for assurances that they would respect it. The step was identical with that taken by Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1870. On that occasion Great Britain concluded separate special agreements with both France and Germany,

binding us to assist either party against a violation of Belgium by the other. This time France was again willing to abide by the treaty law of Europe; but Germany was not. She declined to give any assurances last week; and she began this week with an unprovoked ultimatum to Belgium, followed by an invasion in force.

Since we declared war the public has learnt, from published papers, of behaviour on the part of Germany stranger than anything it had previously surmised; of a proposal which Mr. Asquith stigmatised on Thursday as "infamous." But the invasion of Belgium was on the face of it enough for the vast majority of Englishmen. It was obvious that an international crime of this magnitude put the original Austro-Servian quarrel practically out of sight. One may very well hold that Great Britain's interests in Belgian neutrality, definite though they are, and her treaty obligation to defend it, well recognised though it is, do not imply a duty to get Belgian statesmen out of any scrape in which they may involve themselves. But here was not the slightest error or deflection on Belgium's part. The little country is the victim of a monstrous and a wholly undeserved wrong. We must remember that the neutrality which Prussia, England, and France have solemnly guaranteed for eighty years is not voluntary but compulsory so far as she is concerned. It was made so by these Powers each for their own sake, and not least by us for our sake. Belgium has consequently been debarred from protecting herself by an alliance or a military convention with any other Government. Apart from the efforts of her 7,000,000 people, she is forced to rely solely on the guarantor Powers' honouring their guarantees. History—the judgment passed by events as well as that passed by men—would deal faithfully with us if in these conditions we repudiated our bond. Indeed, it would deal faithfully with European civilisation if such an appalling outrage were acquiesced in. The whole prospect of better, juster, more peaceful, and more fruitful relations between States depends on establishing the condition that States, like men, shall fulfil their contracts made. The contrary doctrine of the Prussian General Staff, that necessity knows no law and a State may commit every perfidy if it thinks its interests require it, is fatal to any sort of brotherhood between nations. It is not merely a legitimate Belgian patriotism that has impelled M. Vandervelde, the chairman of the International Socialist Bureau, to join the Belgian (Conservative and Clerical) Ministry. He and we can but recognise that the very bases of internationalism are threatened, the whole possibility of its continued future development is at stake.

In all the circumstances we have no hesitation in holding that our Government were right in going to war. They had finally no alternative. Abstention would have forfeited Great Britain all trust and all respect. On the morrow of the conflict she would not have had a single friend. Yet, though the choice was right, it was obviously a choice of evils. Whichever way the war goes it threatens the Balance of Power. We cannot afford to see Germany disappear as a great Power, any more than France. She is almost indispensable to us for a future makeweight against Russia, as well as for her great contribution to civilisation. Some Radical critics of Sir Edward Grey have been making themselves ridiculous by complaining that he did not on Monday, while referring to the German danger, allude to the Russian danger also. As if it was the business of a diplomatist on the brink of a war to pass gratuitous strictures on a prospective ally for the benefit of a prospective enemy! Still the danger is there, and we have no reason to suppose the Foreign Office is so blind as to be unaware of it. We should, however, bear two qualifying points in mind. One is that no matter how the war affects Russia abroad, it can hardly fail to change her for the better at home. If the Tsardom is not overthrown by a revolution, at least it will almost certainly be liberalised. The other point is that so far as we are directly concerned the Russian menace is in Asia; and there our makeweight is and will be not Germany, but our ally Japan. So long as we maintain our naval supremacy it will be worth Japan's while to go on sharing (as by treaty she does now) in the defence of the Indian frontier. Our alliance with her is founded on a real reciprocity of needs and abilities, which seems likely to continue; and after the European war her relative power will be decidedly increased.

Two other observations are perhaps worth venturing. One is that the harder Great Britain hits Germany now, the likelier is Germany to be our friend afterwards. She will incline to us and not to Russia if she feels that the blows of the Russian army are less worth avoiding than those of the British fleet. Moreover the greater our share in a common success, the weightier will be our voice in the conclusion; and that voice must be exerted in favour of an early peace and reasonable terms to Germany. Secondly, it is possible that Germany, no less than Russia, may be forcibly liberalised through the war. If the Prussian oligarchy is dethroned by the grant of a popular franchise to Prussia, the Treitschke tradition of international immorality (of which the onslaught on Belgium is only the latest example) may disappear with it. We should then see a Germany that was not only freer and humaner at home, but was a more loyal and liberal member of the company of nations. We should no longer have a fundamental clash between the high and noble civilisation of the German people and the strain of barbarism in its rulers, a clash none the less real and vital hitherto because our Germanophobes have persisted in ignoring one side of it and our Germanophiles in ignoring the other.

JEAN JAURÈS

WHAT was in effect the opening shot of the European Armageddon deprived international Socialism of its foremost representative. The crazy assassin who last Saturday fired his pistol from beneath the sunblind of the Paris café silenced one who—to quote a qualified observer who knew all the statesmen of his time, the late Lord Dufferin—was "without doubt the greatest living orator in the world." No one who has ever heard Jaurès use that wonderful voice of his, with its fascinating modulation, its dramatic changes from thunder to a whisper, its

copious and highly poetical diction, imaginative and vivid, and yet measured and precise—no one who has ever come under his spell at an international congress, in the French Chamber, or at a great Socialist meeting—can ever forget his power. He had, what is rare among Labour and Socialist leaders, the gift not only of quick perception but also of intellectual sympathy with his opponents, a quality which enabled him to win over objectors, to construct verbal bridges for necessary combinations, and employ, with apparent spontaneity, phrases which found a response in the hearts of all the different sections to which he had to appeal.

But Jaurès was much more than a mere orator. Born fifty-five years ago of good *bourgeois* family, he had an exceptionally brilliant academic career, specialising in philosophy, of which he became professor, first in higher secondary schools, and subsequently at the University of Toulouse. For more than a quarter of a century he sat in the Chamber of Deputies, first as a Republican, and, from 1893 onward, as a Socialist of an intellectual and practical type. The then existing groups of "revolutionary Socialists"—the so-called Blanquists, Guesdists, Broussists, Allemanists and what not—had practically failed (owing partly to their dissentions and partly to the impracticable "intransigeance," with which they clung to all their shibboleths) to make much impression even on artisan public opinion. It was the little group of "Independent Socialists" who gathered round the brilliant Professor of Philosophy, and promulgated what we may not unfairly describe as a Fabian Socialism, based, not on abstract theory, but on a definite concrete study of social problems, that in the closing years of the nineteenth century made the Socialist movement, alike in Paris and in the provinces, a really living force. Across all French life and thought came then the terrible strain and passion of the Dreyfus case, in which Jaurès played the noblest part, though it cost him friendships, momentarily destroyed his public influence, and (in 1898) lost him his Parliamentary seat. When the tide turned, it was the persuasive eloquence and winning sympathy of Jaurès which succeeded, for the first time, in uniting all the fractions of the Socialist Party in France—no fewer than six fiercely warring elements—into a "General Socialist Committee," which, in order to maintain progress against "the enemy clericalism," agreed to act with the Republican "bloc." Gradually, however, this combination fell to pieces. The impatient Guesdists broke away. The ever-revolutionary Blanquists seceded. The anarchist section gained control of the Trade Union organisations, and drew off the *Confédération Générale du Travail* into unpolitical Syndicalism. Nevertheless, right down to 1904 or 1905, it was this Socialist combination under Jaurès, with Millerand in the Cabinet, and Briand and Viviani fighting side by side with Jaurès that really controlled the Republican "bloc," and thereby the government of France.

It is instructive to notice that it was the influence of international Socialism, with its Congress and its energetic Bureau, that brought this influential combination to an end. The "revolutionary Socialists," led by Guesde and Vaillant, never ceased to claim that they alone were the Socialist Party, and perpetually assailed Jaurès, and those with him, as mere social reformers who, by alliance with the Republicans, were compromising the Socialist faith. At the Amsterdam Congress in 1904 the political tactics of the French Socialists led to a magnificent debate, led by Jaurès on the one side and by Bebel on the other. When it came to a vote, the German led the larger battalion, and the Congress practically called upon all sections of the French Socialists to unite on the basis of opposition to all other political parties. This led, not to unity but to fission. Millerand had already been expelled. Briand and Viviani resigned, and reverted to the Republican Party, in which they successively rose to the highest office. Jaurès, with engaging loyalty to an ideal, and an almost childlike optimism, sank his own views of policy, let go his more politic friends, and in 1905 merged himself and his immediate supporters, along with Vaillant and Guesde, in the group of "United Socialists," which has since maintained an attitude of opposition to all administrations. For the past seven or eight years, whilst Jaurès has remained the acknowledged leader of the Party, he has had to accept the "impossibilist" tactics of the more "revolutionary" section, which he has shown extraordinary dialectical ability in bringing into some sort of adjustment with practical necessities. Only last month, at the Congress of the Party, he had to face the demand that the Party should support, at the then forthcoming International Congress at Vienna, the panacea against war of a general strike of miners, transport workers, and Government employees. Jaurès had evidently no faith in it. But for the sake of "Socialist unity" it was necessary to satisfy the revolutionary section, for whose benefit he delivered a really magnificent oration, which seemed, in effect, to support the General Strike as the most efficacious of all means of preventing war. But then, as he explained, it must be a strike genuinely "spontaneous" among the whole people, and effectively "simultaneous" in all countries. It must be brought off before war actually breaks out; never afterwards. Nor would it be available if any question of "nationality" was at stake. After whittling down the proposal in this way, a form of words was at his instance adopted which kept the Party together, satisfied the revolutionaries, did not much offend the sensible men, and meant practically nothing! Needless to say, the action of the French workmen only a few weeks later justifies all Jaurès' scepticism of the efficacy of the General Strike.

On Jaurès' contribution to literature there is no time now to dwell. During his temporary absence from the Chamber he devoted himself partly to his lectures on philosophy, partly to writing a *Histoire Socialiste de la Revolution Française* in ten small volumes, which maintains a theory of historical and political continuity in the social and economic politics of France, incidentally connecting the Socialism of the third quarter of the nineteenth century with the Radicalism of the Convention and the *bourgeois* Liberalism of the middle of the century. His chief contribution was his almost daily article in *L'Humanité*, which he edited from its establishment. A little volume of his speeches and essays has been translated into English by Miss Minturn.

A. Z.

THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

PARIS: *August 4th*, 1914.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of the first battle in the war of 1870, and France is once more at war with Germany. The crisis has come to a head with extraordinary rapidity, although the week of anguish and suspense through which we have passed makes it seem an indefinitely long time since we heard of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. Ten days ago, if one had been told that we were on the eve of a European war, one would have laughed at the idea; and the European war, so long foretold, has actually begun.

What it means is brought home to us here far more forcibly than it could ever be in England, where a war has little or no visible effect; to outward observance the life of London went on as usual during the Transvaal war. In Paris we are living under martial law and the whole life of the town is paralysed. All the able-bodied men between the ages of twenty and forty-eight are gone or will soon have gone to the front; the shops, except those which sell provisions, are nearly all closed; there are hardly any means of communication—no omnibuses, very few trams, very few cabs, and an intermittent service only on some lines of Metro up to 7 p.m.; the places of amusement are shut, and the cafés close at 8 p.m. The grands boulevards at ten o'clock at night are a desert. If I needed to be convinced of the utter abomination of war, what I have seen during the last four days would have convinced me. On Saturday, when the decree ordering a general mobilisation was published, one met hardly a woman who was not in tears. For there are very few families in France who have not some relative engaged in the war. Though not a Frenchman, I myself am nearly touched through relatives of affinity and intimate friends. Realising as I never have before what war means, I am convinced that there is no national interest that is worth it—except the one interest of self-preservation for which France is fighting. For France has been forced into war by brutal aggression, by the deliberate decision of the German Emperor or those who control him to plunge Europe in blood. And she is fighting not merely her own battle, but, as M. Deschanel said in the Chamber this afternoon, the battle of civilisation against barbarism. I would add, the battle of democracy against autocracy and militarism.

When I read the article of your Berlin correspondent in THE NEW STATESMAN of last Saturday, I agreed with him that the German Emperor sincerely desired peace, for I was deceived, as he was, by the assurances of the German Government. Even on Saturday morning, when we heard that Germany had declared war on Russia, I was still inclined to believe that Germany did not wish for war with France and that it might yet be possible for France and Austria to remain neutral. I knew, indeed, that your correspondent was mistaken in thinking that "French and German diplomacy had been working more closely together than they have done for many generations to prevent an extension of the quarrel." That was true only of the German Ambassador in Paris, who is a firm friend of France and has done his utmost to restrain his Government. As to the real intentions of the German Government, French diplomatists have been from the first gravely suspicious; their suspicions have been only too completely justified. Nobody could be more opposed than I have been to Germanophobe suspicions, or more strongly in favour of an understanding between England, France, and Germany. I am bound to admit that the Germanophobes were right and that it is now as clear as daylight that Germany has only been waiting for a favourable opportunity to attack France and bring about a European war. When I say "Germany," I do not mean the German people; I can well believe that your Berlin correspondent is right in saying that the majority of the German people do not want war. We have no quarrel with the German people; our quarrel is with those who govern them, and the best that we can hope for the German people is a defeat of Germany leading to a revolution against the Hohenzollern tyranny.

Up to last Saturday morning I believed, like your Berlin correspondent, that the German Emperor was trying to restrain Austria; now I know that when, on Friday last, Austria, Russia, and Servia were on the point of arriving at a settlement of their differences, Germany sent an ultimatum to Russia, followed by a declaration of war, with the object of making that settlement impossible. The German Emperor's professions of peaceful intentions were merely a device to gain time and mobilise secretly. Every effort of Sir Edward Grey to bring about an arrangement was baulked by the opposition of Germany, and, as I have said, when an arrangement was practically made, Germany stopped it. These are facts which cannot be denied. Germany is not alone to blame for the war. Austria was the first offender; Russia was very guilty in ordering a general mobilisation on Thursday evening, July 30th, when the Tsar was in correspondence with the German Emperor. I do not deny that this action of Russia justified, or at least excused, the declaration by Germany of the "state of menace of war." But what nothing can justify or excuse is the declaration of war against Russia just in time to prevent a settlement. It is possible that Germany was not a party to the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, but it is certain that, for reasons of her own, she came to the conclusion that the situation caused by that ultimatum gave a favourable opportunity for forcing war and determined to avail herself of it. The bad faith of the Hohenzollerns is manifest, and it is on them that the final responsibility rests for the most appalling war of history. The bad faith of Austria is, indeed, no less manifest; she had given such assurances to the ambassadors of the other Powers as to the moderate and conciliatory character of the Note that she proposed to address to Servia that the Russian Ambassador at Vienna had left for his holiday when the ultimatum was sent.

On the other hand, France has done all in her power to avoid war. I have no particular admiration for the present French Government in general, nor for M. Viviani in particular, but truth compels me to say that no one could have done more than M. Viviani has done to avoid not only war but even the slightest action that could be construed as a provocation. It is at least some slight satisfaction to know that, of the five Powers concerned, the two democratic Powers are the only ones blameless. Germany began her preparations for war on Saturday, July 25th, and France has taken no single step unless and until Germany had taken it. On Thursday, July 30th, Germany had actually begun mobilising, not by a public proclamation, but by calling up reservists individually; her secret mobilisation proceeded rapidly on the following day under cover of the "state of menace of war," which was simply designed to conceal what she was doing from the world. On July 30th the German troops were touching the frontier, while the French troops were six miles from it up to last Sunday; the obvious intention of Germany was to provoke frontier incidents on the part of the French troops, whose admirable coolness and self-control prevented the success of the scheme. The mobilisation of the French Army was postponed to a date almost dangerously late, from the military point of view, merely in order to make an arrangement

possible at the eleventh hour. The policy of Germany has been to force France into a declaration of war by a series of provocations, and hold her up to the world as the aggressor; it is the old policy of 1870. It has failed, thanks to the remarkable prudence and patience of the French Government. The German Ambassador, who, to the general amazement, remained in Paris while German troops were crossing the French frontier, invading Luxembourg, and threatening the neutrality of Belgium, had at last to be recalled and to declare war before he left.

The situation remains unprecedented at the time of writing. At present Austria has declared war neither against France nor Russia, and the Austrian Ambassador is still in Paris. It is hardly possible that Austria can repudiate her engagements to Germany and remain neutral, but it is extremely probable that she would like to do so. It is not Germany but Austria that is being dragged into war against her will, and she must deeply regret her Servian exploit. Should the war end in a victory for the remnant of the Triple Alliance, I should be very much surprised if Germany did not require as the price of the support that she has forced on Austria the cession of Trieste and, perhaps, of the Tyrol. Austria suspects something of the sort, and so does Italy. That alone is enough to explain the neutrality of Italy, apart from the fact that a war on the side of Germany and Austria would provoke a revolution in Italy and the declaration of a Republic over a large part of the country. The only people who dislike the Hohenzollerns more than their enemies are their friends and allies.

What is England going to do? That is the question that everyone asks here. If, as I gather is the case, there are people in England who believe it to be a matter of indifference whether Germany annexes Trieste, the Tyrol, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and even, perhaps, the whole of Holland and Belgium (as she undoubtedly intends to do if she can), there are other considerations to be taken into account by Socialists. The remarkable discovery has lately been made in England that Socialists ought to have a foreign policy based on exactly the same considerations as that of capitalist Governments—that is, on a regard for nothing but the supposed material interests of the nation. I cannot assent to that view. The interests of Socialism and democracy as a whole are as superior to those of any nation, even our own, as are those of the community to the interests of the family or the individual. Even if I were not as firmly convinced as I am that the interests of England demand her intervention on the side of France, I should still be for that intervention. The falsity of the doctrine that we need not consider the tendencies of the nation that we support or oppose has been demonstrated by the Franco-Russian Alliance, which is the indirect cause of the present war, since without it Germany could not have played her game. This alliance with a despotic Power has been the curse of France. I quite understand the unwillingness of many Englishmen to take even indirectly the side of Russia; I feel that unwillingness myself. I quite admit that Russia may become a danger to Europe, but, while we must intelligently anticipate the future, we cannot ignore the present, and the present danger to Europe is the unbridled ambition of the rulers of Prussia.

The question is whether we are going to allow Belgium to be crushed under the heel of the Hohenzollerns and the Prussian drill-sergeants as Alsace-Lorraine has been; whether we are going to allow democracy in Europe to be put back fifty years by the victory of an autocratic militarism. We committed a crime which was also a blunder when we allowed the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine; if we repeat it, we shall commit national suicide and cover ourselves with infamy. Moreover, since war has begun, the most humane course is to end it as soon as possible, and the best way of ending it quickly is to paralyse German commerce. It is no paradox to say that by joining with France England will be serving the cause of peace, for a defeat of Germany would make possible the reduction of armaments, remove the nightmare that has hung over Europe for years, and in the end facilitate an understanding between France and England and a democratic Germany. The time may come when we shall have to defend Germany against Russia; our present duty is to defend against the unprovoked aggression of Germany not France alone, but the cause of democracy in Europe. I cannot believe that England will act otherwise; if she did, I would renounce my nationality and become a naturalised Frenchman at the earliest opportunity.

ROBERT DELL.

WAR AND THE IMAGINATION

THERE is nothing surer than the helplessness of the ordinary imagination to realise what war is like. Even those who take part in it are said, by a curious paradox, to be seldom able to realise what it is like. Soldiers, we are told, like best those coloured pictures of battles which represent these as conflicts of cheerful and well-dressed people, glittering like the people on the top of a chocolate box. Once they have passed through the horrors of the thing, they prefer—though it is really an instinct rather than a choice—to think of it in terms of the romantic and the theatrical. As for those of us who have never seen rival bodies of men killing each other, our case is almost hopeless. We know that a great American general said that war is hell, but this remains for us a depressing generalisation rather than takes shape as a world of human facts actual to us like the death of acquaintances. It is a truism rather than a truth, in the sense that we do not trouble to grasp what it means. It affects us vaguely like an impending thunderstorm, not intimately like, say, the details of the *Titanic* disaster. It is practically certain that never in history have men been moved by the horrors of the battlefield as they were moved by the sinking of the *Titanic*. Imaginative men and women have, no doubt, been so moved, but not the ordinary citizen. The ordinary citizen may be plunged into gloom by the story of a military disaster or by anxiety. If he were an imaginative man he would find much to plunge him into gloom even in a victory. One used to be told how Wellington was seen in tears after the battle of Waterloo, and of his saying that a victory was the next most terrible thing to a defeat. We do not know whether the story is apocryphal or not. It is at least dramatically true. For most of us, however, a victory is all joybells. It is the living heroes, not the dead and mangled ones, who are for the moment the summary of the world.

This, to a certain extent, is necessary. It is even laudable. The veterans of a just war are symbolic to our imaginations of the triumph of righteousness, and the ringing of bells may well be gay for such a conclusion. On the other hand, when we think of the future of civilisation, it is well that we should examine closely the instrument that brings such a triumph about. Even if we approved of a war yesterday, or approve of one to-day, we do not therefore necessarily believe that the

XUM

bursting bomb is going for ever and ever to be the leading agent for the dissemination of righteousness among the nations. We may not be pacifist for the present, but the more the imagination dwells on the actualities of the battlefield, the more we are likely to shrink from war as the natural appeal of statesmen at variance. Instinctively, during the last hundred years, the human imagination has been coming nearer the facts of war, and this is all to the good. Military literature before that time was nearly all written to appeal to the martial spirit. During the last century much of it has been written to appeal to the civic spirit. In ancient Athens there was an imaginative protest against the horrors of war in *The Trojan Women* of Euripides. But this was an isolated instance of the modern attitude. In recent years we have had an increasing volume of realistic war literature, and the gloating sort of war literature like some of Mr. Kipling's prose and poetry shocks even so boisterous a lover of the military virtues as Mr. Chesterton. In these days we like to have our battles described by a Tolstoi, a Stephen Crane or a Gustav Jansen, rather than by a Scott or a Dumas. We have no patience with the romantic Nietzschean who assures us that a good fight justifies any cause. We feel that that could only be true in a world of cowards. Our dream has ceased to be of the delights of battle. What we desire is rather a sense of the facts of battle. Some people even look forward hopefully to Armageddon in the belief that this will so bring home the awful facts of war to the world's imagination that the civilised races will forswear so murderous a method of settling disputes for ever afterwards.

That seems to be Mr. Wells's attitude. His *World Set Free* is an appreciation of Armageddon as the event that clears the decks for the establishment of Utopia. Mr. Wells's Armageddon, however, is not of the present but of the future. He apparently does not think that the horrors of the present kind of war are sufficient to make civilised men shrink from either facing or inflicting them. The destruction which he pictures as conquering the human imagination is not the destruction of armies and navies. It is the colossal destruction of our cities and our homes. His radioactive bombs fall upon us like bursting stars. They turn the capitals of the earth into smoking and unquenchable volcanoes. They assassinate civilisations. No Futurist has ever dreamed of drowning the past in such monstrous tides of blood as this. War on this scale would be a disaster of the kind of the Sicilian earthquake, but more widespread and more continuous. But is it not open to question whether the human memory is not, after all, so unimaginative and so feeble that statesmen would soon forget the horrors of a war even with radioactive bombs in the desire to use them against some seemingly dangerous enemy? And, indeed, it is not mainly the horrors of war to which Mr. Wells looks to end it. It is rather the impossibility of war in the new circumstances. Civilisation is put upon its defence against complete destruction. It is faced with the problem either that it must abolish war or be itself abolished.

Awful as wars have always been, none of them has, in recent generations, threatened the very existence of civilisation in the degree in which Mr. Wells's war does. Germans may have been nervous of Englishmen, and Englishmen of Germans, but the nations as a whole have not felt compelled to form a league against war as against an ultimate destruction that threatened them all. Even as it is, however, war is terrible enough in all conscience. We have tempered its horrors to some extent by looking after the wounded, by humanity to prisoners, and so forth. But this is a small thing in a continent of carnage, where shells are tearing men limb from limb, disembowelling them, blinding them, torturing them—where men lie writhing in the agonies of tetanus, where the earth is filthy with their blood, hideous with their cries. Nor is even this more than half of the anguish of war. One has only to think of the deprivations of soldiers—deprivations of food and drink and warmth and shelter and rest and familiar faces—of the pains of long exhaustion and of the diseases that waste them as fatally as wounds. One has only to think of the tragedy of broken human relationships—a tragedy as old as the parting of Hector and Andromache—to realise what a woe is let loose among men by a great war. Consider, too, the tragedy of those who stay at home. Here are tears beyond computation; hundreds of thousands of homes with sentence of death hanging over them; hundreds of thousands of mothers wondering how long it will be before their children are fatherless. Suffering is on a scale not to be equalled outside the Middle Ages, when the plague blotted out whole populations. These are sufferings, too, that affect all classes. But, for those who live just on the border-line of starvation, there are other sufferings still. For the comfortable a season of privations may have its good side. The privations of the comfortable will be privations of superfluities—of theatres, of ices, of wines, and of excess of food. The comfortable, moreover, have a trained intelligence—to some extent, at least—which is able to think out economies. But imagine the war budget of the very poor! Imagine, if you can, even the peace budget of the poor. The most agonising scene in recent literature is a scene in Robert Tressall's *Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists*, in which a builder's labourer and his wife try to make the week's shillings and pence meet the week's expenditure. In a home like that even a penny may become a burden. A penny rise in the price of a loaf may mean that a child's face may be the paler. What war conditions—unemployment, high prices, and all the rest of it—must mean in a home like this we dare hardly imagine. If the nations cannot abolish the evil of war this, at least, is an evil of war that they can abolish. They can each organise the social life of their people so that they will be defended against penury as energetically as against the shells of the enemy. This is not a case for charity in the modern sense. It is a case for charity in the ancient sense—not charity the condescending, but charity the leveller, charity that makes the State into a family, charity that converts bread into a symbol of holy communion instead of leaving it something for which men fight and strive like enemies.

But this is not the whole of war as it presents itself to the imagination. It would be unfair to leave it at that. War attracts as many men as it repels. It elates more

XUM

than it frightens. Men rush to it—it may be like moths to the flame—but the thrill of war must be taken into account as well as its horrors. One may explain this thrill either as a noble or an ignoble thing, or as a mixture of the two. With some people it may be mere sensationalism, the desire to be at the very heart of excitement, the satisfaction of the pugnacious instinct (which is almost as widespread, it should be remembered, as the sexual instinct itself). The multitude of soldiers of fortune in all ages who have been willing to sell their swords to any side or cause whatever, regardless of its merits, is a proof of the commonness of the sensational kind of soldiering. But the rush to war has its nobler aspect. It is not always—perhaps, not even generally—for the fight's sake. That is the spirit of the Heroic Age. As the world grows older men are impelled to fight by the burning within them of the social instinct—the instinct which merges the interest of the citizen in the interest of his country—the instinct which we call patriotism, and which, carried to its logical conclusion, is Socialism. Ordinary men do not, unfortunately, trouble themselves greatly about the causes of wars. But this does not render the less noble the spirit in which they put their lives at the service of their country at times of national danger. Here you have the spirit of subordination of the individual to the common life—the spirit upon which Socialism is founded. It would be a mistake, we admit, to press this military analogy too far. But the fearless march of men as brothers to death or victory is a sight that seems to foreshadow the sublimest condition of social relationships which has yet been dreamed of. Foreshadow it in a limited way, of course, for the ultimate Utopia must be not only national but international. Fights between nations will then be as inconceivable as fights between class and factions already are. That is why, whatever the splendid and accidental moralities of war may be, no man can be satisfied with the idea that war will be one of the permanent moral agencies of the world. It exists in none of the Utopias. We all feel that the greatest of human victories will be the victory over war itself.

THE VEXED ANTIPODES

THE next general election in New Zealand, taking place at the end of this year, promises scenes of unprecedented excitement, for already, months before the event, the priests of politics are in strenuous activity, each endeavouring to secure from the seething pot a larger portion of the sacrificial flesh than his competitor. Ministers of the Crown, Opposition members of Parliament, organisers, lecturers, are touring the country districts and orating to crowded meetings in the towns—full of praise for the angels of their own creed and of abuse for the devils who think differently. It would take a wise soothsayer indeed to foretell the issue from our witches' caldron.

The cause of this political turmoil is the determined effort of the wealthy Tory Party to keep in power and rule the democracy with what the victors call "firmness" and the victims call "a rod of iron." Much of the rancour felt against the Government arises from the belief that its members have no right to the seats of power, having only gained that position by the "ratting" of men who were elected to oppose them; also that the votes cast at the last general election for the Tories were scarcely one-third of the total votes polled. Not only this, but the autocratic suppression of the Wellington Wharf strike by armed force and by vindictive sentences on the advocates of the strike caused intense feeling in the towns, while the general failure of the Tories to keep when in power the pledges they made before election strengthens the bitter opposition to their continuance of rule. They promised to reduce taxation; the taxation *per capita* has greatly increased. They pledged themselves to curtail applications to the British money market for loans; they have borrowed more heavily than any of their predecessors. They engaged to give labour a "square deal"; and the country worker was "sooled" on to the workers in the cities. By harsh use of their small majority in the House they have taken the control of the Civil Service from a Parliament triennially elected, and handed it over for seven years to Commissioners appointed by themselves. They have given the freehold tenure to men who acquired leases of land on the distinct understanding that the land was public property, and could not be parted with except on lease. They have partially destroyed the good understanding formerly existing with the British Admiralty by advocating a separate navy consisting of a little cruiser with which to guard the Pacific, but nevertheless the scheme is pregnant with a promise of smothering taxation in the future in order to keep up in "the race of armaments." They have destroyed the Second Ballot in favour of the old rotten system of "the first past the post" at elections, in the hope that the Liberals and the Labour men may split votes, and so let the Tory in. These are not a tenth part of the complaints which are brought against the existing Government as the record of its short time of office.

Against these indictments must be considered the probable support of the rural districts to a party which has shown itself inimical at every point to the citizens of towns. Many of the farmers are now aware of the deception practised on them to induce the celebrated "cow-boy raid" at the time of the strike last December, and know that they were deluded into helping the shipping ring to maintain high freights and low wages. Nevertheless the farmers not only shipped their butter in time to receive the highest prices in the London market, but they also received a subsidy of £100,000 in "wages" as special police called in to load their own goods on to the ocean liners. This extra donation from the pockets of the general tax-payer naturally put the recipients into good humour towards their Tory benefactors. Then there is also "the country quota"—of which, perhaps, English people are unaware. It gives an advantage of 28 per cent. to a rural over an urban constituency. Thus 3,000 men in the country have a representative, against over 4,000 in a town—Heaven knows why; perhaps because in days when the country was sparsely settled and communication difficult the dwellers in the wilds needed an advantage that at present is unfair. It tells strongly in the composition of Parliament, and gives the farmer, whose isolation

always tends towards reaction, a preference for Tory methods and undue weight in carrying them out.

Sir Joseph Ward, the Liberal leader, is fast regaining his old popularity, which was only shadowed for a time by unscrupulous falsehood. He does not need large bodies of police to keep order when he addresses public meetings, as his opponents find it necessary to do. The Social Democrats are steadily gaining ground in spite of (or because of) official persecution and as aftermath of the mode of strike repression. The industrial progressives, the United Federation of Labour, are still feeling financially the depression caused not only by the exhaustion of their funds in the late struggle, but by the boycotting of their members. In many places, but especially in the mines, membership of the Federation means starvation, as the "black lists" are passed from employer to employer, and the victimisation of opponents is general. I hear that it is not confined to Labour only, but in the country towns and villages if a Liberal storekeeper or trader expresses his political opinions freely, the custom of the land-owning class is withdrawn from him. It appears likely that an "understanding" will be arrived at between the Socialists and the Liberals to prevent the splitting of votes through each of these parties running a candidate against a Tory.

In the meantime jealousy, hostility, and suspicion, to degrees hitherto unknown in New Zealand, abound on every side. One Minister of the Crown, attempting to give a public address in the Town Hall in Wellington, had to endure two hours of indescribable noise and uproar, although only those who were supposed to be friendly had been admitted. Another Minister—who takes even his country holidays in the society of the Commissioner of Police—held a meeting at the same place, and fairly good order was preserved with the aid of numerous policemen and with a body of over a hundred "specials" distributed in squads under officers among the crowd to evict (and afterwards prosecute) any person daring to express disapproval of the speech delivered by the oracle.

So anyone wishing for "a time of refreshing" should visit New Zealand at the end of the coming November, and he will find us fighting "like divils for Conciliation."

EDWARD TREGEAR.

MALINGERING: TWO SIDES

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

SOCIETIES approved under the Insurance Act, particularly those with women members, are said to be experiencing serious trouble with malingerers. For example, the Hyde District Weavers' Association has issued the following notice:—"Female members! Are you prepared to pay extra contributions for insurance, or are you going to stop malingering and imposition?" Loud complaints are made that women are doing all manner of house work while drawing sick pay, while men are by no means blameless. The Boilermakers' Society, for instance, reports a 50 per cent. increase of claims for benefit since the Insurance Act became operative. The Tramways Committee of the London County Council found that in the first quarter under the Act the days lost by sickness among motormen and conductors in the service was 19,574, against 11,846 in the corresponding quarter of 1912. With such a state of affairs when employment and wages are good, what may be expected when depression comes and the temptation to malinger is stronger? The societies have got a big problem to solve now they have taken in the State conscripts who cannot be regarded as of the same fibre as the old voluntary members.

But this problem has two sides, and at a time when the friendly societies are drifting to a crisis, and employers, moreover, are complaining bitterly of men losing an abnormal amount of working time quite apart from sickness, both must be faced. A marked increase of claims for benefit in respect of sickness and accident was first experienced when the Workmen's Compensation Act came into force, while in the little time that has elapsed since benefits became payable under the Insurance scheme there has been a further and bigger increase. Employers of labour, particularly in the shipbuilding industry, say that many workmen are losing over 20 per cent. of their ordinary working time, besides which they refuse to work much, if any, overtime. But it does not necessarily follow that the average workman is becoming, or has become, more lazy.

One big thing overlooked by the workmen's critics is the recent "speeding-up" of work in most of our industries. Since the late "'nineties" labour conditions have been transformed. Some dozen or fifteen years ago our employers, under pressure of foreign competition and growing rates and taxes, began to realise that they had either to adopt new methods or to be ruined. They adopted new methods. They "Americanised" their works. Managers and foremen who had never been in the habit of commencing their duties before breakfast time were requested to be in the shops at 6 a.m. The old slackness gave way to strict supervision. Men were no longer allowed to "take their time" and indulge in frequent rests. They were rushed over their work, and "speeding-up" has now become a fine art in workshop management. Machines run faster, furnaces are bigger and hotter, tools are heavier, materials—such as plates for shipbuilding, for instance—are stronger, harder, and heavier, the work has to be done at greater heights and with more danger as well as at a quicker pace. Toil is intensified and hazards are multiplied.

In these circumstances there is far greater need for an injured or sick workman to get thoroughly fit and well before he returns to work than there was in the old, slack times. Years ago I have gone into the forge daily with an arm in a sling, and had full wages for pottering about with one hand. To-day such a thing would not be countenanced. A man with a damaged limb has to "lie off." Yet when these changed industrial conditions are reflected in sick claim statistics the whole blame is put upon the workers. That some men do malinger—shamefully malinger—I do not deny, but I do insist that not more than a small proportion of the increased cost of sickness and accident claims among men is due to malingering. It is nearly all due to the intensification

of toil consequent upon keener competition and heavier public burdens. The workman to-day is not less moral or conscientious than he was half a generation back.

Similarly, with regard to time-losing and the disinclination to work excessive overtime. When we could take things very easy before breakfast, with no managers or foremen about, were not rushed during any other part of the day, and enjoyed at least a couple of rest times during the ordinary working hours, we were not disposed to kick against overtime—and money. But the workmen of to-day are so rushed that, as a rule, they are pretty well tired out after a standard day's work. I know for a fact that some of those employers in the engineering and shipbuilding trades who are complaining of their men refusing overtime are getting out of the average workman as much labour in a standard day as they formerly got in a day plus half a day's overtime.

The riveters, platers, and other sections of the shipyard "black squad" are being roundly condemned on the score of absenteeism. It is quite true that some men will not work full time if they can get a certain amount of money in less than full time. If wage rates are so low that six days' labour is necessary to get this amount, six days a week will these men turn up; if rates are so good that the amount can be earned in four days, they will take a couple of days off. But such men are exceptions. The disinclination to work excessive overtime, and even full ordinary time, is more largely due to the harder nature of the work nowadays than to the softer character of the workman. Just compare for a moment the great nerve strain of the riveter, working high up on the "shell" of a "Titanic," with that of his father on the small vessels of a generation ago. Add to that the greater thickness of the plates, the deeper holes, the larger rivets, the greater spaces between, necessitating more frequent moving of the staging, tackle, and tools; and you have at least some explanation of the conduct that is being so loudly complained of.

T. G.

THE PROBLEM OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION

II. The Limits of Mendelism.

MENDELISM, as I pointed out in my last article, offers us an explanation of the origin of nothing except what is merely a *minus* quantity—due to the disappearance of something previously present. From the first syllable to the last, Mendelism assumes and requires the existence of "factors"; given them, it does wonders, of which Professor Biffen's wheats are merely a preliminary example. The problem of biology is to tell us the nature of life and the way in which it evolves. On these questions, properly considered, Mendelism is silent. Living beings exhibit purpose, which is an attribute of Mind, and therefore non-mechanical. It seems clear, therefore, that the countless adaptations in which Vital Purpose expresses itself can *never* be explained in mechanical terms. "The origin of a dominant" being insoluble, and no instance even of its occurrence having been found by Mendelian research, one conceivable hypothesis remains. Some new forms of life certainly arise as recessives by the disappearance of dominants—that is, of positive factors—previously existing. Why should not the whole of evolution have taken this course? It can be argued that the appearance of any new form is due to the disappearance of an inhibiting factor present in its ancestors. In sweet-peas and many other species we know that the appearance of certain colours and other characters may be due to the dropping out of a factor which inhibited or prevented the action of other factors lying beneath it. Let us argue from these facts, and we may assume that *all* new forms of life have arisen by an evolutionary process which consisted in the dropping out of inhibitory factors present in the progenitors of the species. This theory has been and is seriously advanced by Professor Bateson as the only alternative to "mysticism." In conversation with him the present writer asked whether he would go as far as the theory required, and assume that the primitive amœba has become man by the successive dropping out of inhibiting factors in the absence of which man appears, and he said that that is what we are forced to imagine. If, now, we walk round the Zoological Gardens, so as to give ourselves some faint idea of the multitudinous variety of living beings, even of animals alone, in sea and sky and on the land, beetles, bison, butterflies, crocodiles, wrens, giraffes, vipers, and seals, we must further argue that all these beings and all the other countless forms that have existed in the past were unfolded from the primitive animal form—which we call amœba, for argument—by the dropping out of inhibitory Mendelian factors. And this, forsooth, is the alternative to mysticism!

Nevertheless we are a stage farther, in that Mendelism has shown, more clearly than ever, where the problem lies. It is in the germ-cell. The "factors" about which we have heard so much exist in the germ-cell, and have somehow been formed there. If we are to discover the origin of variations, or the "origin of a dominant," we must study germ-cells; and, above all, we must try to discover any *evidence that external conditions affect them.* This is an enquiry to which none of the Mendelians has yet given a moment, but it evidently lies far deeper, and matters immeasurably more for organic evolution, than any studies of the behaviour of factors already existing.

At this point we require to recall a new discovery, the most important of its kind that has ever been made, which seems at first sight far remote from the present discussion. We shall leave the higher forms of life, with their two sexes, each producing germ-cells that unite to form a new multicellular organism, and we shall devote ourselves to some of the humblest bacteria, single-celled, asexual organisms, the lowest visible in the scale of life. As we have lately noted here, Madame Henri has transformed anthrax bacilli into cocci by exposure to ultra-violet light. The transformation of species has been witnessed in this instance. Organic evolution has been effected, in one case, in twelve minutes, and a new form of life has been brought into being.

A bacterium certainly offers us the problem of the origin of variations in a very simple form. First, it consists of only one cell, which divides to form the next

generation. The distinction between germ-plasm and body-plasm, between germ-cells and somatic or body cells, does not exist. If we can change the body of the bacterium, we also change its germ-plasm, for they are one and the same. But when we are dealing with any of the higher forms of life, even though we change the body by external conditions, we have yet to show that we have changed the germ-cells. If we have not, our experiment has no bearing on evolution, and it is certain that, in many instances, the change in the parental body involves no change in the germ-cells which it bears.

The second point is, if possible, even more important. Bacteria have no sex. Each individual is the offspring of a single parent. There is no ripening of "germ-cells," no casting out of certain parts of the nucleus, as in the maturation of the typical ovum or female germ-cell of the higher animals and plants. There is no crossing, no recombination of qualities or factors from two parents. There is no parting or bringing together of factors hitherto always united, or else long parted, but now united again, as in the Mendelian interpretation of reversion. In the case of the bacteria we are studying something earlier and deeper than sex. But the whole of Mendelism, and the whole of the help it affords us in the study of organic evolution, depend upon the existence of sex in the first place. If there be only one parent involved, Mendelism cannot begin. If there be only one parent involved, Mendelism not merely has no idea how any variation could occur at all, but is inclined to deny the possibility of any such variation.

Yet there was certainly a time when Life did not exhibit sex, and sex is therefore itself one of the products of evolution—sex and its consequences, such as Mendelism. Here is another reason, were more wanted, why Mendelism cannot begin to explain organic evolution. And it is a reason why experiment on asexual forms of life, such as bacteria, is of such transcendent importance in the present state of biological science. It is perfectly clear that if we are to get any farther in the matter, we must eliminate the complication of sex altogether—which means, of course, that we abandon Mendelism as a means of explaining organic evolution, invaluable though it will always be as an explanation of comparatively recent details in that process.

Of course we cannot escape from sex in studying any but the very simplest forms of life. But we now need to make experiments in which the complications due to sex are averted. We must take parents who are similar, instead of being dissimilar, as in the Mendelian experiment; we must avail ourselves of Mendelism in order to be sure that the parents are really similar genetically, instead of being merely similar somatically; and then we must modify external conditions in order to see how the offspring are affected, if at all. The total and radical difference, in principle and in expectation, between such experiments and those of the Mendelians will be evident to the student. Yet both, it will be seen, are indispensable for progress, and it is a deplorable fact that experiments of this Lamarckian class, as we may conveniently call it, are at present being conducted almost anywhere in the world except in Great Britain.

LENS.

Correspondence

THE WAGES OF MEN AND WOMEN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I am afraid that I am unable to follow Mrs. Webb's argument in support of her contention, as I understand it, that it is not desirable to fix an identical scale of pay for men and women on the ground that it would "tend to exclude . . . either one sex or the other." She instances the payment of teachers. It is of course perfectly obvious that if the uniform scale is fixed, as in the United States, at the lower, women's, rate the tendency will be to exclude the men. But supposing that the scale is fixed at the men's rate, does Mrs. Webb contend that women will be excluded from the teaching profession, and that men will be employed to teach girls and young children? If this should happen, it can only be on the ground that men have superior capacity for teaching, in which case we owe it to the children to see that men are chiefly employed to teach them.

I put it to Mrs. Webb that an *equally high* rate of pay in every employment for men and women will lead automatically to the employment of the persons most fitted for each occupation, which I take to be the ideal towards which we are struggling. If women are proved to be inferior in the industrial world, it is surely in the interests of the community that chiefly men should be employed. The individual cases of hardship which are incidental to any fundamental change of our economic basis ought not to be allowed to obscure the ultimate benefit to the community. Even the "friction brake of a quite possible diminution in the area of their own employment" will not ultimately be a serious consideration when we have so organised the industrial world that the absurd position of "not enough work to go round" is done away with. Even under present conditions, if unemployment must exist it is better that it should exist amongst women rather than amongst men, since even when a woman ceases to become a wage-earner she is almost never idle, whereas a man who is out of work is seldom anything else. While large numbers of women are keeping their families, including the husbands, at a low wage it is fairly obvious that something should be done to provide the man with work at a better rate of pay and drive the mother out of the labour market to the occupation, at present "unpaid," of rearing her children; even at the expense of hardship to spinsters and widows. These at least will stand a better chance of employment than wives, when all the efficient men are absorbed into industry, on account of their lesser liability to the interruptions of their capacity for manual (or mental) labour.—Yours, etc.,

ELIZABETH BOLT.

WOMEN AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I am sorry to have roused the anger of some able Feminists by my attempt to disentangle the just and practical claims of women to free entry into all professions from those which I think are untenable. My position is a simple one. Wherever the right to enter a profession leaves the consumer of the service free to select either a man or a woman for a particular job (as is the case with the medical, legal, and most other professions) all barriers should be broken down. But wherever success in a competitive examination entitles the candidates at the head of the list to specific posts, it is neither practicable nor desirable to insist that under no circumstances should there be sex discrimination in the admission to the examination. I do not gather that M. E. Marsh and S. B. Anent deny or refute this proposition. They do not assert that the examination for admission to the Navy, the Army, or the Indian Civil Service should be opened indifferently to men and women. Nor would they suggest, I assume, that men and women should compete for the headship of a girls' school or the matronship of an hospital. For certain situations the community insists that in some cases men, in others women, are to be preferred. Hence the issue between me and your correspondents is not one of principle, but merely one of application of a principle. I gather that the debatable ground is the First Division of the Civil Service—excluding India. There are many posts in this service which, I think, ought to be opened indifferently to men and women. There are other posts which I think ought even to be reserved for women. There are others which, in my opinion, ought to be reserved for men. There are yet others which, as I think, might with advantage be opened indifferently to men or women, but which, under the present state of public opinion, will inevitably be retained by men. What I want to see is a change in public opinion But public opinion will not be changed

by any declaration of woman's abstract right to employment, coupled with a denial of the consumer's right to determine whether he wishes to be served by a man or a woman—a position which, as we now see, has to be summarily deserted in the case of some departments of the public service.

All such assertions of abstract rights obscure the real grievance of the women. This, in my view, lies in the fact that, as regards Government employment, which is paid for by men and women alike, those who speak in the name of the consumers are exclusively men, responsible to a Parliament of men, which is elected entirely by men. We cannot under these circumstances expect a decision unbiassed by sex prejudice as to which posts should be open to women, which closed to women, and which made accessible to both sexes. We must therefore, as I expressly said, "change the constituency." And I cannot believe that your correspondents will, on reflection, differ from me.—Yours, etc.,

BEATRICE WEBB
(Mrs. Sidney Webb)

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I was extremely interested in Mrs. Sidney Webb's article on "The Right of the Woman to Free Entry into all Occupations" in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN, and more particularly in her comments on the evidence submitted to the Royal Commission on the Civil Service by the Association of Post Office Women Clerks. Mrs. Webb is apparently of the opinion that it would not be advisable to concede the claim of this Association "that women should be allowed to enter for all examinations at present open to men only." Mrs. Webb's main objection appears to be that women by reason of their sex are not suitable for all the Civil Service posts at present filled by men in India. Even admitting this to be the case, which I am far from doing, it would seem a high-handed proceeding and a serious loss to the community to exclude women from entering for the First Division examination and thus entirely debar them obtaining those posts in India, our other colonies, and the Home Civil Service, for which Mrs. Webb admits they are eminently suitable.

Mrs. Webb advises that women should rather concentrate their forces on obtaining admission to the branches of the legal profession. This, however, would appear to be a very unintelligent use of the forces of an Association which is thoroughly acquainted with the powers and capabilities of women in the Civil Service as compared with those of their male colleagues, and is, therefore, in a better position to substantiate before the proper authorities the claims of its members to be given an opportunity to prove their capacity for the higher administrative posts in the Civil Service than to put forward a general claim for the admission of women to the legal profession.—Yours, etc.,

AILEEN EVERITT,
(*President of the National Health Insurance Commission Women Clerks' Association.*)

92, Grosvenor Road, Westminster,
July 28th, 1914.

WOMEN AND WAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—The magnificent Women's Peace Meeting last Tuesday, noticed in the *Daily News*, but by hardly any other paper, struck a new note in politics. When last England was concerned in war, women were hardly articulate, hardly organised, but now they are both and no doubt the result will surprise many. There was, I thought, one omission among the resolutions: a message of gratitude, appreciation, and comradeship should have been sent to the brave thirty or so Members who met to protest against the war immediately after Sir Edward Grey's speech; they must be brave and strong men who dared to speak out at such a moment. Was not Bright hung in effigy because he protested against the Crimean War—certainly he was canonised for his opposition afterwards. We find little report in the Press of what was said, the commercial newspapers are all writing up the glory of the war for all they are worth, knowing well how much many arms-mongers and food-mongers stand to gain.

I should have like to have moved a vote of thanks to those M.P.'s had there been time to think, and no doubt it would have been carried unanimously. The keynote of the meeting was protection of the women and children—the innocent sufferers—and women must honour men who can feel as mothers do. Let it be noted the tone of the meeting was not women's tone as of old, that they were ready to bind up wounds men have made, only thus making it all the easier for men to inflict wounds, as has been the case through the long ages where women have maintained female penitentiaries, at the same time ignoring the root of the matter and allowing men to fill them; whereas it was the men and not the women who should have been inmates of the places. Women now go deeper into the roots of matters, and are seeking about how to *prevent* the wounds being made—and seekers find.

It must never be forgotten that this war is "insensate devilry," as Mrs. Fawcett said; it is all dirty work, there is no glory about it. . . , If the Clergy were worth their salt they would curse the banners of the regiments and not bless them, as we shall soon find they are doing, and as has been done already in Germany and Russia; but the Clergy are timid and always on the side of the powers that be.—Yours, etc.,

ELISABETH COBB.

Wealdstone House, Middlesex,
August 6th, 1914.

WAR AND FEAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—The savage lives in the midst of fears, most of them unreasonable. Civilisation depends on the conquering of fear. Yet the nations of civilised and "Christian" Europe are all moved at this moment by unthinking fear; and fear is being stirred up by our modern medicine-men for savages, Mr. Garvin and Lord Northcliffe. One side fears what Germany will do to us if she were to win, and the other what Russia will do. Despotism on one side and Militarism on the other are our bogies; although, to do them justice, the Northcliffe Press seems to want us to copy by conscription and bluster the very nation they most hate.

Germany is afraid of Russia and France of Germany, but no one has yet discovered what any nation could do to another which would not injure itself. Where barbaric fear rules all, reason evaporates. . . .

The most dangerous element in England is to be found among what are called the "upper" classes, where cultured gorillas prostitute the resources of a whole civilisation to the support and development of the bestial impulse towards conflict. The Army and Navy are naturally warlike—it is their trade; but the gorilla clique are all voice and tears and rage, with their money nicely invested in firms for the provision of the munitions of war to "Christian" nations.—Yours, etc.,

C. DELISLE BURNS.

Poynings, Sussex,
August 3rd.

THE FEEDING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—In your review of Miss Bulkley's book on this subject you endorse her criticisms of the administration of the Education (Provision of Meals) Act, and I gather that you also accept her conclusion—viz., that the only effective means of ensuring that no school child shall suffer from lack of food is by a free and universal provision of meals. Meantime you commend the Labour Party's proposal to place the selection of the necessitous child in the hands of the school medical officer, but you fail to mention that Miss Bulkley gives very good reasons for dismissing this method as impracticable.

The fact is that the existing method, that of enquiry into the means of the parents, is the only one that is at all practical, short of a free and universal provision; and this is open to so many vital objections that it is hardly worth discussing.

The present system, as it is found in London, is not very fairly treated in your article. Miss Bulkley, while touching on their weak points, says that the Care Committees in many parts of London are doing splendid work, and that "the Care Committee system represents one of the most hopeful movements of the time." She does not add that the development of Care Committees has been largely due to the hard work of members of the Charity Organisation Society, that "small section of reactionaries" to whose "mean individualism" you attribute so many evils.—Yours, etc.,

R. SAUNDERSON
(*a C.O.S. Secretary*).

[The method of selecting children for feeding from the point of view of physical need and the method of selection through enquiry into the means of the parents are not mutually exclusive. We agree that it is not practicable to rely solely upon the school medical officers' examination for the purpose of determining which children are in need of food. But children who are found by the medical officer or any other school authority to be in need of school meals should not be prevented from receiving them owing to the character or circumstances of the parent. The Charity Organisation Society opposed the public provision of school meals; and in some cases in London has undoubtedly used its influence on the Care Committees deliberately to hinder the extension of the feeding.—ED. N.S.]

Miscellany

A GERMAN SOLDIER-POET

DETLEV VON LILIENCRON was not the typical German poet of his time. He was, on his first appearance, a member of no clique, and Munich, the centre of literary enthusiasm, did not know him by sight or name. Otto Julius Bierbaum has left an amusing account of his first appearance there:

> The scene of our meeting with him at the Munich railway station still comes before my eyes. Old Colonel von Reder, M. G. Conrad, Georg Schaumberg, Julius Schaumberger had come with me, but none of us five knew the poet of the *Adjütantenritte*. We had imagined to ourselves, from the picture in *Gesellschaft*, a black-bearded, broad-shouldered giant, and were amazed when a little reddish-blonde mannikin came tripping up to us, clicked his heels together before old Reder, and said, very much in the North German fashion, "Allow me to present myself, Colonel: Captain von Liliencron."

Liliencron came, in fact, of that element in Germany which is least poetical and least inclined to the easy manners of Munich. Though his grandmother was a peasant, his family was noble, a *Junker* house of Schleswig-Holstein, and he himself had served in the Prussian army and seen the wars of 1866 and 1870. After his retirement from active service he held the position of Warden of Dykes and Marshes on Pellworm, an island in the North Sea, and subsequently other positions in Government employ, till he gave up his duties to devote himself entirely to literature.

His development was curious. Till his thirtieth year he wrote literally nothing in verse. His first poem still exists, a curious little quatrain, neither remarkably good nor remarkably bad, which has nevertheless a certain freshness and sensibleness about it that may be taken by the over-acute as a foretaste of his poems to be. In 1884, at the age of forty, he published his book *Adjütantenritte*, and took the young poets of Germany by storm. Conradi and the Harts had been delivering themselves of manifestoes and the like announcing a revolution in German poetry. Unfortunately, they still lacked a great new poet to give point to their declarations. Liliencron filled the part to a nicety. He was a battle-cry and a classic within a few months of his first book.

The base and strength of his work is to be found in his rich and varied experience. After he had retired from the army he began to write down his memories, not in the form of an autobiography, but in the more vivid and poignant form of separate poems. These pieces read like a man telling stories of his own life, but they are stories told in the most artistic manner, with no irrelevant detail and a perfect choice of words. The result is a succession of bright, moving pictures. At one moment he is galloping with orders from one wing of the army to the other under a heavy fire; at the next he is talking to the daughter of the village schoolmaster with whom he has been quartered. The abstract and the philosophical are lacking in his work, and he throws events, persons, emotions, in rich confusion on the paper. The incidents which impressed him years before in his soldiering he has been able to reproduce with all their freshness and glamour. He has halted with his dragoons in a country churchyard:

> High neighed my Wallach through the curling mist,
> Lightly the strengthless chains in which I lay,
> Dreamless and fast asleep, fell off from me.
> Still the dragoons around me lay asleep,
> Their beards and cloaks were thick with heavy frost.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Step after heavy step, the sentinel
> Went with his carbine ready in his hand.
> How deep a peace it was! A gentle rustling
> Blew shivering among the mourning-wreaths.
> I raised my head and turned about to read
> The name and words upon the little cross
> On which I leant to sleep and, in the twilight,
> I read, with face pressed closely to the letters,
> Gilt once but blackened now by storm and rain:
> "He strove much—suffered more—and now is dead."

Among such poems come his loyal and patriotic pieces, always full-blooded and military in character, voicing rather the feeling of the soldier for his general than that of the citizen for his country or the head of the State. Liliencron was devoted to the Emperor and the empire, Frederick the Great was his hero, the old marches of the Prussian army were his favourite music. It is strange that the Imperial Court, in spite of frequent appeals from his friends, should have left him in poverty. He was not only a great poet, but was generally acknowledged as such by the turbulent South German youngsters of the time, and a recognition of his loyal fervour could not but have had the effect of making the Crown more popular in intellectual circles, even supposing there to have been no other possible motive but this. But William II. proved obdurate, and to the end of his life Liliencron was a poor man, living from day to day, now lavishly, now parsimoniously, according to the state of his purse.

Part of the great heritage of German poetry came to him almost alone among his contemporaries. In the writing of songs he was a worthy descendant of Goethe, Heine, and Mörike. "Our five great song-composers," he wrote once, "Fedor Löwe, Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, Johannes Brahms, and Robert Franz, have been my constant companions." The characteristics of a good song are obvious in his work. He knew well how to express a simple emotion in simple phrases with singable words, and some of his short lyrics are among the best in the German language. He owed much to Storm, Fontane, and, above all, Mörike, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer; but he is not an imitator. He has merely carried on the line and added to the store of good songs. It is difficult in translation to render the peculiar magic of these compositions. In them Liliencron's poetry shows itself perhaps at its best. We find in them a power of style and music which equals Heine and a depth of contained emotion which Heine's love-poems rarely have. As an example I quote *Glückes genug*:

> When you lay breathing by my side
> And left me night-long watch to keep,
> To see bright smiles your lips divide
> And hear you say my name in sleep—
> Happy enough.
>
> And when I came to you again
> To lay my head upon your breast,
> After the long day's dust and pain
> To find forgetfulness and rest—
> Happy enough.

Side by side with this sentiment he has a store of rollicking high spirits. In dozens of poems and songs he has recounted his love-affairs as they appeared to him in his lighter moments. Here we find him a robust, healthy, sensual man who cannot take sex very seriously. *Bruder Liederlich* ("Brother Scamp") has gained him unjustly the reputation of being merely a *Halli-und-Hallo-Dichter*, but it shows only one side of his varied nature:

> 'Mid storm and 'mid dangers my plume flutters brave,
> Halli!
> I never could learn to go hungry or save,
> Hallo!
> The wenches ne'er wander neglected by me,
> Where fellows are fighting, it's there that I'll be,
> And when they are drinking, I guzzle for three,
> Halli and hallo!

This exuberant person has loved a *süsses Mädel* of seventeen, but the incident has the usual end :

A gay life and loving together we led,
Halli !
And for more than a week I half wanted to wed,
Hallo !
But I got tired of kissing and holding her hand
And the rest of the game that we all understand,
So I said I had business in Samarcand,
Halli and Hallo !

The whole poem has a swing and gusto which are quite irresistible. This broad humour, however, is not his only humour. He has a delicate sense of the fanciful and ridiculous. In some moods he can be quietly and gravely absurd, playing not only with all the cherished objects of German thought, but with the feelings which he himself has most at heart. A good example of this style is *The Storm* :

Six among these seven maidens,
Sturdy, stout, delightful children,
When their time comes to be mothers
Will bring forth to serve their country
Cuirassiers and heavy lancers,
Sappers, engineers, and guardsmen.
But the last one, ah ! this tender,
Delicate and slender seventh,
I am sure that all her children
Will be rifles and hussars.

There is a more bitter irony in *The New Railway*, which begins :

The skull cries out : I am ambassador,
I am a baron ; it was I arranged,
Between Denmark and Holland, terms of peace.
Who shakes the walls of this my marble tomb ?
Removes the cover ? Resurrection Day ?

But the labourers who are building the railway across the old graveyard take no notice ; they tear from his skeleton the miniature of his king and give it to " die Pockenlise " in the nearest public-house ; they throw his protesting skull like a ball from hand to hand.

In his longest work, *Poggfred*, this mixture of earnestness, melancholy, humour, and irony is equally marked. He calls it a *kunterbuntes epos*, a " harlequin epic," and it has even less unity of form than *Don Juan*. He imagines for himself a castle, *Poggfred*, *Froschfriede* or " Frog's Peace," and, with that as a starting-point, he revels in reminiscence and fancy. From a few playful stanzas he turns suddenly to tragedy, from the castigation of a critic he turns to memories of the army. Towards the end of a canto he prints three or four pages of music and follows them up by quoting a complete poem from Mörike. But a certain unity is given to the poem by the presence throughout of the poet's beloved dykes and heaths of Holstein, which were his favourite scenery and which he has described so magically.

It is as yet too early to estimate confidently the ultimate position of Liliencron in German literature. He was a classic in his own lifetime, almost at the publication of his first book, and, though it is now four years since his death, there is hardly any sign of a reaction. In the chorus of praise that came from the young men of his own generation there was only one dissentient voice—that of Hofmannsthal, who wrote a sneering and patronising little poem. That Liliencron should have attained such a position is strange because his poetry is not " modern " in any remarkable degree. His strength lies, as I have said before, in the richness of his experience and the charm of his style. He speaks of moving incidents in such direct language that the reader cannot but be moved. In every poem the broadness of his nature, the geniality of his character, are apparent. When reading these lyrics and narratives one is conscious of sensations similar to those given by fascinating conversation, and, before all else, one is impressed by the personality of the poet. In this he is like Byron, whose character has proved an antiseptic for work spoilt by the worst style that any great poet ever had. But Liliencron is the greater since his style is on a level with the force of his nature. Since Goethe no German poet has shown such a wealth of technical accomplishment ; few have equalled him in appropriate and musical language. German poetry has, for the most part, kept close to the simplicity of folk-song ; Goethe, Heine, and Mörike all avoided the dangers of a " literary " speech. Schiller revelled in abstract language and metaphysics, and the " generation of 1880 " showed a tendency to follow him in the use of large, obscure phraseology. This danger Liliencron to a great extent removed. He was the poet of the material things of the world in their action on the human mind, and he lost no time in adventures among theories. Thus, in the best sense, he follows the German classical tradition, a tradition of common speech which is not found either in English or in French poetry, and which Germans should be chary of relinquishing. It may be that at some future time he will be reckoned, if not among the creators of German poetry, at least among those who preserved that characteristic which makes it remarkable among the literatures of Europe.

E. BUXTON SHANKS.

A CITY TAKEN

CZENSTOCHOWA is filled with the soldiers of an enemy. It is a Polish town, belonging to Russia, and it has been seized by Germany. When I was there it was filled with pilgrims. It is true to its past ; for no city has a more turbulent history and no city is more fragrant with the prayers of the centuries.

I arrived at Czenstochowa—the name is pronounced Chenstahorva, with a strong accent on the syllable hor—one summer morning, after a night in the train from Warsaw. The main street of the town, a broad thoroughfare paved with cobbles, had a dreary appearance. The people I passed spoke either Polish or Yiddish. Few Russians live there. The dismal street led to a pleasant avenue of trees and beyond was a towering wall of rock, crowned with battlements above which rose the roofs and lofty tower of the Monastery of St. Paul. And the history of this monastery is the history of Czenstochowa. It was once a fortress as well as a religious house. The Swedes besieged it twice : in 1665, when Prior Kordecki successfully defended it, and again in 1705, when their army of ten thousand men was unable to take it. The German soldiers who are quartered in the town now may remember that their fellow-countrymen stormed the fortress in 1793, twenty-one years after it was taken from the Poles by Russia. The last siege of Czenstochowa was in 1806, when the monks and a garrison of five hundred men were unable to prevent its capture by the French. Early in last century it was decided to raze the fortifications.

The spiritual descendants of the old monks may be thankful that they are not now obliged to unite the profession of arms to the service of the altar. The Germans are not likely to disturb their prayers. They will be content to have command of the railway that goes through Czenstochowa from the Austrian frontier, little more than fifty miles away, to Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland. And they will hardly care to take the crown jewels of the gentle Queen whose palace is the monastery, whose courtiers are the monks :—

Ces moines, dont l'esprit jette un reflet de cierge,
Sont les amants naifs de la Très Sainte Vierge.

—whose subjects come to pay homage to her from Germany and Austria as well as from Russia.

At the end of the fourteenth century Wladislaw Jagellon, the Lithuanian prince, whose marriage with a Polish queen united their two countries, brought to Czenstochowa a picture of the Virgin which was said to have been painted by St. Luke. He placed it in the keeping of the monks of St. Paul the Hermit, an ancient, but small, religious order, which, until the Portuguese revolution, possessed houses only in Poland and Portugal. The people of the country-side came to pray before the picture the Evangelist had painted and they claimed that their prayers were heard. Tales of miracles worked at Czenstochowa were told and, believing that the Virgin had chosen that spot in which to show surpassing pitifulness and benignity, pilgrims flocked there to pray. Lands were bestowed by the great on the monastery—at one time a fifteenth of all the territories of Poland belonged to it—and kings sent jewels to enrich the miraculous picture. To the Virgin of Czenstochowa was given the title of Regina Poloniae. No earthly prince wears the crown of Poland now and the sweet Majesty of Czenstochowa remains the undisputed sovereign of Polish hearts. And this is not a rhetorical phrase; it is a statement of the truth, as will be seen.

From the avenue of trees, below the heights on which the monastery of St. Paul stands, I went up the steep road, leading to the top of the Jasnagora, the Bright Hill, and found myself on an open tract of level ground, a tableland, on the edge of which the convent lies. I crossed over a stone bridge, spanning the dry moat of the monastery, and, going through a great courtyard, entered the church. I had come straight from the station and it was not yet seven. Within the church, a vast building which can hold six thousand worshippers, were many people, and from a chapel came the sound of violins making music while a priest read mass. On either side of the confessionals knelt rows of men in long tunics and high boots and women with drab handkerchiefs or scarves of black lace on their heads. They knelt so close that it seemed certain some must hear the secrets whispered through the gratings of the confessionals, on which were crucifixes or fortifying pictures of a saint with fingers on his lips, the priest who refused to reveal a Queen of Bohemia's confession to her husband and was thrown into the river at Prague by the King's order. And as each penitent was shrived, he went up the great church and into the Holy Chapel, a spacious place with galleries and cherubic carvings that gave it a Jacobean air.

When I entered this chapel a priest was saying mass, and the number of people kneeling before the altar was so great that there did not appear to be room on the floor for the limbs of even one more. Pressed on by those behind me, I struggled through the crowd and stood still, until a peasant, kneeling behind me, pulled violently at my coat and I was forced on my knees, wondering whether it was a miracle that I found room for my limbs on the stone paving. The people round me were absorbed in their devotions, reading prayers from Polish prayer-books, or repeating the Paters and Aves of the rosary, or praying with eyes fixed on the wonder-working picture above the altar. And the picture was a blackened board on which were roughly marked, all but obliterated by time, the forms of the Holy Virgin and her Divine Child. The Madonna of Dresden, most lovely and most appealing of all Madonnas, is visited by tourists and connoisseurs of art; before the Madonna of Czenstochowa, black and not comely, the prayers of pilgrims have ascended for centuries. And after praying with the fervour of Salvationists, the crowd went up to the altar rails. The priest placed the white host upon their tongues and they returned, walking slowly with half-shut eyes.

And all day they thronged the church and the precincts of the monastery. Some lay flat on their faces in the court-yard before the church, purifying themselves with prayer before they entered its doors. Some walked round the ramparts, stopping before each of the bronze groups of statues, representing the incidents of Christ's progress from Judgment to the Cross, which were raised up on piles of granite, whose bases were in the moat, now a pleasant garden. A pilgrimage arrived. First came a brass band, then girls in white dresses, bearing an image decked with flowers, then a little procession of men and women. They swept into the courtyard and the band stopped playing before they entered the church. When they came out, I talked with one of the men who spoke Russian.

"Our village is two days' journey away," he said.

"And you have come on foot?" I asked.

"Of course," he said.

In these parts, where misery has made faith strong, a pilgrimage to the shrine of Czenstochowa is the most thrilling, the most splendid of adventures. There is the strange experience of sleeping in a pilgrims' hostel, of picnicking there with other pilgrims, of talking with strangers, and, when religious exercises are over, the delight of going to see a panorama of Jerusalem. On winter nights they tell the tale of a pilgrimage to Czenstochowa in a thousand Polish homes.

Above the head of the black Virgin I saw that a crown of diamonds sparkled. It was stolen a few years ago and Pius X. sent a new one. They said that the Tsar regretted that it had not occurred to him to forestall the Pope's generosity. Had he done so he would have been praised in all Poland and far beyond the Russian frontiers, in Austrian Poland and in Prussian Poland. For the 24,000,000 Poles of the world remain one. Ruled by three Emperors, dispersed over Europe and the American continent, they are still united, and wherever they are they think lovingly of the picture of the heavenly Queen of Poland.

The scene is a huge barber's shop in London; and do not think that I am jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous, on the contrary the little incident I have to relate seemed to me sublime. I had in my pocket-book a little picture of the Virgin of Czenstochowa and, finding that the man who was attending me was a Pole, I gave it him. He was an old man and had not been in Poland for years, but when he looked on the little copy of the ancient picture I saw that tears were not very far from his eyes. To him it was a symbol of Polish unity. And it is that to Poles who are not humble barbers or peasants, but men of education and great position. When the new crown of the Virgin of Czenstochowa was laid on her brow the coronation was attended by the greatest nobles of Poland and by her most noted public men and politicians. Men whose ancestors had been ministers of Polish kings thought themselves honoured to bear the regalia of the Regina Poloniae in the magnificent ceremony. And in the plain below the ramparts of the monastery, where the coronation took place, half-a-million persons knelt in homage.

And Czenstochowa is now in the possession of Germans. Accustomed to calamity, the Poles are perhaps not greatly moved. While they are divided under the sway of three Emperors their attachment to their rulers can hardly be profound. They are more to be pitied than any people in Europe during the war in which the nations are involved. Poles are fighting in the armies of Russia and Austria and Germany. Men united by ties of blood and of relationship find themselves enemies. But out of the welter of war the Poles hope good will come. Boundaries must change

when the time of reckoning and of settlement arrives. The Poles hope that fate will again unite them and that under whatever Power they may be placed, Europe will see that the promises of the conservation of their nationality, made to them a hundred years ago at Vienna, shall at last be fulfilled. ROTHAY REYNOLDS.

SUMMER NIGHTFALL

I.

DIES the wide, sad splendour of eve, reluctant:
Far the landscape stretches its green recesses,
Dim with shadows: draping its undulations
Slowly with darkness.

Over flame-hued gold and the sunset glory,
Slow the ordered ranks of the night encroaching,
Trample, black, blind forces, the soul of Beauty,
Rebel immortal!

Strive, oh day, no more to endure! Thy brightness
Shall no retrocession of fate revive now.
I, who labour long at tasks Sisyphean,
Soon am thy fellow.

II.

Sounds arise, thin, lone, from the meadows fading:
Clinks a crack'd, dull bell from one of the cattle:
Grows the silence deeper. At Waltham Abbey
Faintly the hour strikes.

Far below, one sings in a hidden garden,
Words of passion, may be, for still the roses
Pour their incense out on the nights of summer,
Fragrant like passion.

I, from strings poetic, a tenuous music
Drew: and stood impassion'd, rapt of beauty.
Chords that pleased me once! They to oblivion
Sink, as the day sinks.

GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH.

AUGUST THE FOURTH

NATURE, I believe, meant me to be a special reporter, only she forgot to endow me with the knack of always being on the spot to which most attention is directed. Still, sometimes the many-eyed stare is not fixed on significant scenes, only on noisy ones, and, again, sometimes so much worth noticing is going on everywhere that it does not matter much where you are. The night of August 4th was such an occasion. It does not disqualify me as a reporter that I was not in the pushing, yelling, chaffing, music-hallish crowds which thronged the Horse Guards or in the cheering ones outside the House of Commons. I met at two in the morning, in the far and quiet west, in a shining-clean, empty residential street, an old, eager, one-eyed vendor of papers with a Union Jack in his billycock. A tattered bill fluttered before him as he shuffled wearily and hurriedly forward. "Thrippence. Declaration of War," he was shouting in a monotonous quinsied whisper. I stopped and bought. "It's not in it," he added, confidentially, pocketing the coppers, "but it's true; God's truth it is—I couldn't get the latest. I was an hour and a quarter getting through the crowd." I looked at him and felt as if I had been in that crowd myself—yes, and could describe it, too. "If Mr. Disraeli was alive!" he croaked huskily; and after this unexpected comment he lunged on again with bent knees, leaving me under the street lamp staring at the columns of the new but already familiar heavy-leaded type.

Though the region where I parted from my friends was fairly well known to me I had lost my way. After walking about an half an hour I had come out somewhere below Holland Park. How late the 'buses were running! And the taxis were bizzing one after the other down the main thoroughfare, just as if it was 10 o'clock. I recalled vaguely printed public injunctions about economy in petrol. Of course, of course; but economy was impossible to-night; on this night of good-byes, of slow intimacies and friendships huddled into climaxes; night of sociable, equalising forebodings, night ominous to the solitary, but gay, positively gay, to the gregarious. For under the threat of common danger and of widespread suffering, narrow-minded, sparrow-minded humanity suddenly discovers how inspiring it is, after all, to be in touch with everybody, and in consequence becomes much happier than usual in spite of dread and worry. I had noticed on my late ramblings and strayings that "good-nights" were more frequent, and that they had a different ring. People seemed to like being stopped and asked for a match or to point out the way; their eyes were more alive, less preoccupied, more conscious of one as an individual. When I joined a group round a coffee-stall to drink a cup of hot slop, I did not feel that customary embarrassment at not being suitably dressed. The silence was more friendly; some sort of barrier was down; no one asked me for money. Beside me as I drank stood one of those little, odd, undersized fly-by-nights, her grubby hands resting side by side on the oil-cloth of the counter. She looked up under her feathers and smiled. It was a different sort of smile. As I crossed, striking southward, some idea—what was it?—began to peep through these impressions. Then a taxi full of people and flags whizzed by, down the now empty road. A girl in a pink jersey and a man, sitting on the half-open roof, set up a long hooting screech like a siren whistle as they passed; I felt I had sampled the patriotic enthusiasm of Piccadilly Circus without going there. What luck! If I had, how depressed I should have been. For there is nothing to equal the heart-damping sensation of being crushingly convinced by a crowd that it is only occasionally when people feel strongly that they feel like oneself.

In a road of modest villas (it was quiet and dark) I passed first one and then another waiting taxi. . . close on three o'clock, and in this region of prudent living! Behind the shivering acacias a door opened and a woman ran down the steps waving back to a man standing in the lighted oblong, signalling and nodding at her, agitated encouragement. In she sprang and flung herself back with that rapid preoccupied movement which seems equivalent to exclaiming "this is life," and off she went. This hectic communal excitement we call "war fever," which overlays gloom and forebodings—my idea had something to do with that. In some places, and at

some times, it expressed itself in confused uproar and romping, in others in more intimate ways.

I had not come up against those blatant manifestations of it, that swaggering contempt for suffering which suggests in people such an ignominious combination of cowardice, stupidity, and cruelty. The great majority loved war unless they feared too much for themselves or for the lives of those nearest them. There was exhilaration abroad to-night, though the crisis was too apocalyptic and ominous for it not to neighbour heaviness and gloom. Close beneath lay forebodings of dreadful days and a dumb resentment at the cold-blooded idiocy of diplomacy. Still, there it was—a kind of happiness. Why did a declaration of war make people in a way unusually happy? Was it only love of excitement? Where exaltation roared and romped and streamed along the streets, it seemed it might be so; but where I had surprised it, in quieter eddies, there seemed to be another element involved. I caught the idea which had been peeping at me, and the irony of it was enough to make one cry: few people experience so genuinely the sense that life is worth living which a feeling of brotherhood gives as when they are banded together to kill their fellow men; never are they so conscious of the humanity of others as when they are out together, sharing risks, to smash the self-respect and mutilate the bodies of those who might, but for a few politicians, just as easily have been fighting alongside them, hoping with them, dying with them side by side.

Earlier in the night I had seen a party of French recruits doubling through the streets singing; everybody had hailed them as they went by. Coming towards me now under the lamps was a man in spectacles and a small straw hat. He looked Teutonic, so "Gute Nacht," I said, as we passed. He stopped for a second. "Ach Gott, Ach Gott! Mein liebe Freund!"

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

Music

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

COMPOSERS in England are just now at a critical stage of development. Not so long ago they were represented by Stainer; later by Parry and Stanford: then by Elgar, who is considered abroad to be the only British composer. It is time to strike out a new line, if only to blot out this impression.

The present state of affairs has been in existence for some years. It begun when the first strong foreign influence since Brahms began to make itself felt in this country. Debussy, Ravel: what young composer has not been accused at one time or another of copying them? The fact is that British musicians, as the result of a prudish musical environment, are peculiarly susceptible to outside influences. France was the attraction a few years ago: now it is Russia, an infinitely healthier influence, it may safely be said. French music only made us aware of the growing possibilities of harmonic combinations. Russian music has shown us nothing new in that respect, but it has shown what can be done by vigorous minds striking out for independence at all costs. We need not copy its matter, but we can and should imitate its methods, for they are the only ones applicable to our particular case. We can emulate Moussorgsky's directness, if nothing else. He reduces his musical thought to its lowest terms, and is not ashamed to say anything so long as he can get it said as simply as possible. He solves problems, as it were, by inspection, without the conscious calculation that others require. This precious quality of conciseness and fearlessness makes *Boris Godounoff* and *Khovanstchina* the most valuable of all models to a composer.

Rimsky-Korsakoff supplies the impulse towards technique for its own sake. He perfected his at the partial cost of his inspiration. *Coq d'Or* and *Nuit de Mai* are so good technically that it takes time to discover the real beauties that underlie their external glitter. None the less, the composer who could add Rimsky-Korsakoff's brilliancy to the breadth and vitality of Moussorgsky would fall into line with the very greatest.

We have heard the most representative operas of these composers; also Borodin's *Prince Igor*, Stravinsky's delicate opera-ballet *Le Rossignol*; Ravel's ballet *Daphnis et Cloë*, which I suspect would have been but little improved if it had had the chorus, as was originally intended; Steinberg's reactionary *Midas*; and Strauss's even more reactionary *Légende de Joseph*, which I thankfully leave to the tigerish mercies of Mr. Ernest Newman. These operas alone, if not the ballets, were enough to urge anyone to set to at composition with all the energy and technique at his disposal: while if a composer needed further encouragement, he had only to go to Covent Garden to hear Verdi's *Falstaff* and *Otello*. No one need be ashamed of being influenced by works like these. In nine cases out of ten a composer requires a shock to set him going.

As regards British composers at the present moment, there have been lately a Patron's Fund Concert, a Delius Concert, and an opera by Josef Holbrooke, which was produced at Drury Lane. At the Patron's Fund Concert there was a pianoforte concerto by Mr. Herbert Howells, which was original and arresting if, at the same time, turgid. The Delius concert made me sorrier than ever that this composer refuses to range himself definitely with one party or the other: he spoils an inspired feeling for beauty and colour by an incurably languid temperament. He might be a great national force in music: he is actually only a folk-song sentimentalist with a small public. Of Mr. Holbrooke's opera, *Dylan*, it is difficult to say anything. I felt crushed after it. Such vigour, such enthusiasm, such cleverness, all wasted because the composer had no power of consecutive thought and was hampered by a stupid libretto. Besides, what has happened to Mr. Holbrooke's orchestration, which used to sound so good? Perhaps Rimsky-Korsakoff has spoilt us for it: it seemed curiously lumpy and ineffective.

None of these works had anything about it that made me say, this is British. Mr. Delius and Mr. Holbrooke have evidently both been to Bayreuth; the one has come back full of sentiment, the other steeped in pride. Mr. Ernest Newman refuses to admit the existence of nationality in music, though he admits that the music produced in a country is affected by the culture of its environment. Now we want in Britain what Mr. Holbrooke and Mr. Delius refuse to give us, music moulded by contemporary national culture. We must shake off German and French tendencies as Russia fifty years ago shook off Italian, examining Russia's methods without copying her results. British music has already a leader in Vaughan Williams; and there are others behind him, Percy Grainger, for example, or younger composers like George Butterworth. There might be even more, if Arnold Bax would broaden his outlook, or if Gustav von Holst could be induced to forget his Sanscrit; and the possible field might be indefinitely extended.

W. DENIS BROWNE.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

AND it is less than three months since I was writing on this page about the Leipzig book-exhibition! I wrote about the exquisite collections of bindings and drawings, the bands, the parading crowds of peaceful Germans, the pavilions of all nations from Holland to Siam, and the charming Tudor structure erected by Britain, with its long low halls containing cases of Shakespeare folios and editions from the Kelmscott Press. Enormous crowds from all over Europe would, it was hoped, visit the exhibition as the summer wore on. "August" of course, said the officials to me, "will be *the* month."

* * *

The buildings in the wide Street of Nations are still there, no doubt. The flags, perhaps, have been hauled down, but those files of white wood and plaster palaces still stand behind their flower beds along the broad avenues. The crowds are dispersed. The officials in charge of the various buildings have fled to their respective domiciles. The cheerful male members of the Bavarian Peasants' Band have taken off their green hats and put on helmets, left the women behind, and gone off to burn villages like their own, and disembowel sunburnt French peasants as naturally amiable as themselves. Memories so recent make the pit of one's stomach sink. In May last a German barber in Berlin had his razor at my throat, and when he scratched my skin he was most concerned and apologetic. "Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus." The remark was made by a Swedish statesman in the eighteenth century. Voltaire, looking down from heaven—if one may risk his displeasure by presuming his presence in so uncongenial a place—must feel that since the eighteenth century there has been no great change, and that the human race is as horribly ridiculous an institution as ever it was.

* * *

But here we are. Like most other inhabitants of the "civilized" world, I have for the last week read no books, but only newspapers. Fourteen a day is about my average, which means nearly a hundred a week. And nine-tenths of them contain nothing that one did not know before. There never was a war, since telegraphs were invented, about which news was so scarce. Almost every rumour that comes through is dubious, and it is invariably contradicted. In successive issues and even in the same issue of a journal one reads that troops have and have not entered a certain village, that somebody's neutrality has and has not been violated, and that a naval engagement has and has not taken place. If you go over the eight pages of "war news" in a daily and make a summary of the unquestionable facts contained therein, as distinguished from the doubtful reports and the office-written padding, you find it could all be got into a paragraph. We have frequently heard that the day of the war correspondent was over. We heard it during the Russo-Japanese war—of which we certainly got very little news—and we heard it during the Balkan campaign. But at the moment of writing I have scarcely seen a single item regarding a single encounter which looked indisputable or which appeared to come direct from an eye-witness. Almost all the information we have been getting has come either from rumour travelling across many tongues or from official sources. Both these founts of news are great liars, the former excelling in the suggestio falsi, and the latter both in that and in the suppressio veri.

The desperate straits in which we have been for news could be gathered (if in no other way) from the outlandish places of origin ascribed to reports that get into print. Stockholm informs one that advices from Teheran report a conflict at Toul; and we hear that the *Mercure de Bruxelles* states "on excellent authority" that something has happened at Basle. Deliberate fabrication has been at work all over the place. Our good old friend the doctor, with the cholera microbes which he puts into wells, even turned up at the very start. This mythical gentleman is at least as old as the Franco-German War of 1870, and his last appearance was in the Balkans. No sooner does a war start than one of the combatants hastens to describe his diabolical activities in the hope presumably of making the world's blood boil at the thought of an "outrage against humanity."

* * *

The papers cannot be blamed for printing rumours, but they might give the clearest indication, whenever possible, of the value of their sources. Rumours before they get into print presumably travel in much the same way as after they get into print. Of how rapidly "news" develops I had an experience in a club on Tuesday night. A late evening paper printed a brief report, stating that Aberdeen doctors had gone to attend to wounded who were being landed at Cromarty. Five minutes after I had seen this, I was told by a member that single British and German destroyers had had a brush off the Scottish coast. Five minutes after that the vessels had expanded into flotillas, and within the hour a club servant, with very gloomy face, remarked to me, "I don't know if you've heard it, sir, but there's been a great naval battle in the North Sea and the British Fleet has met with an awful disaster." With correspondents kept out of the area of hostilities, it is no wonder that by the time reports of occurrences reach the persons who send them to our newspapers they bear very little relation to the events (if any) which have originally generated them. War correspondents in Europe to-day seem to be able to do little more than sit in friendly foreign capitals and send home little bits of news out of the local papers. And if we want a really accurate and full description of the big battles, especially the big naval battles, of the future we shall usually have to wait until peace allows combatants to publish such books as the Japanese *Human Bullets*, describing the attack on Port Arthur, and those vivid Russian books which told the story of Rozhdestvensky's voyage to the China Sea with his mouldy squadron and the magnificent and pitiful end of it at Tsushima. But of no great modern war will the whole truth ever be properly known. Forces work over such vast areas that full information is impossible to collect.

* * *

I suppose people will soon be reading books about war. It may be useful to give a list of a few pertinent works. Besides those just referred to (*Human Bullets* was reviewed in the first number of this journal) there are Tolstoi's *War and Peace*; Zola's *The Downfall*; *Anticipations*, *The World Set Free*, *The War of the Worlds*, and *The War in the Air*, by H. G. Wells; *An Absent-Minded War*, by a Staff-Officer (Captain W. Ellot Cairnes); *Lay Down Your Arms*, by the Baroness von Süttner; *The Great Illusion*, by Norman Angell; *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane; J. Bloch's *Is War Now Impossible?* (Stead's abridged translation of *La Guerre*, 6 vols., 1898); *War and Labour*, by M. Anitckow; *The Human Slaughterhouse*, by Wilhelm Lamzsus. This is not a systematic list, but it gives enough to cure anybody of a taste for war.

SOLOMON EAGLE.

NEW NOVELS

Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours. By F. WARRE CORNISH. John Murray. 6s.

Monsieur de Rochefort. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Jam Queen. By NETTA SYRETT. Methuen. 6s.

My feeling in reading Mr. Warre Cornish's book is such as you must sometimes have had in glimpsing some corner, say, of a cathedral close or country garden—some little world of remotenesses and seclusions and self-satisfactions; it is, in short (I know this is partly unfair, but as I cannot help it, I had better confess it), a feeling of unreality.

Do not, if you please, suppose that this apology is by way of being a sermon. Heaven deliver me from the suspicion of such impertinence. I am well aware of the philosophic rejoinder to what I have said. I know that the realities of life are equally real in all places. I know that the starvation of the soul in a palace may be as grim and ghastly as the starvation of the body in a slum. I know that birth and marriage and death, with their attendant emotions, are no respecters of county families. I know that passions may be thwarted and hearts broken and sacrifices offered in a cathedral close. I know that

> The little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love

are as important everywhere as anywhere. In short, bless you, I know all about it—and the feeling I have mentioned triumphs over it all. So now you see why I cannot, with the best will in the world, appreciate at its full value *Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours*, "a study of north midland life in the cathedral town of Sunningwell, by the Vice-Provost of Eton College." Shall I compare it to a summer's day? It is, if not more lovely, at any rate more temperate. Temperance is its excess. Its politics are gentle (I had almost, in my unfairness, written genteel). Its Armageddons are arguments. The most disastrous thing in it is a Dean.

Dr. Ashford is a typical bachelor—one of those typical bachelors who are marked down for marriage from the first chapter. I must try to compress the description of him:

> He was a noticeable man to look at: of middle height and middle age, square-shouldered, clean-shaven, ruddy, with lightish hair turning towards grey, a strong aquiline nose, and chin to correspond. He was always suitably dressed. . . . His whole appearance marked a man of means . . . A man of tastes, perhaps whims. . . . You might set him down hastily as a selfish man; say, rather, a man of bachelor mind; he counted himself as a full unit in society, to be reckoned in the sum, not borrowed or carried over. . . . Whether contemplative or not, he was alive and effective. . . . He liked being at his ease better than being rich or well known. . . . He cried out upon the abuses of the House of Lords, but liked now and then to dine at the Towers. He sided with the North in the American War, and with Bismarck in 1870. . . . He held certain principles, in politics and economics, and in religion, as inviolable and axiomatic; if the facts did not suit them, *tant pis*; if all the world became protectionist, he would be a free-trade Athanasius; if reformers wanted to disestablish the Church or the Lords, he would know the reason why before he went shares with them.

The philosophy of the book is provided by Henry Savile, a cripple, just able to move about in house and garden, a man intellectually very much alive, sympathetic, tolerant, penetrating, and stimulating. "The true end of conversation, he said, was *conversari*, the sharing of life, that one should help another to unpack his budget and lay out his wares to view." And he kept a sort of diary or philosophic commentary upon life, "in a series of quarto note-books, bound in brown calf, and lettered *Quisquiliæ*." He was guide and friend to his neighbours. These activities are expected of the physically disabled. *Faiblesse oblige.*

Sometimes we see the other characters most clearly through Savile's eyes. Of the Bishop's niece, Olivia Bryant, we get a clear view in *Quisquiliæ*—"She is to come and read with me an hour every day except Saturdays and Sundays. I don't suppose she will keep her appointments, but she will make the prettiest feminine excuses, all the time believing herself to be *femme forte*." And again: "She is clear about her relations to other people, but she does not quite know her relation to her own mind." Charming as this young woman is, there isn't much *to* her—but she is quite good enough for Philip Daly, who, as Savile justly remarks, "has not enough enterprise." He stands as a parliamentary candidate, but there seems no particular reason why he should get in, and he doesn't. More exciting than the election is the episode of the stubbornly ritualistic vicar. This might really have ended in disaster but for the breezy intervention of Ashford. The author's discriminating sympathy is well seen in his handling of the trouble:

> Worldly success had tinged though not corrupted the Bishop, pride and self-will had found entrance among Raynor's virtues. It was difficult for them to understand each other. But the saint's outcry struck the conscience of the wiser man as if he had been detected in pulling down ideals, and were, indeed, a tempter.

Dr. Ashford's love affair culminates rather oddly. Its basis is a long and placid friendship. "The reasons why women do not marry are as inscrutable as the reasons why they marry": but perhaps the reasons for Helen Branson's conduct are not so inscrutable after all.

It is unnecessary to add that the whole book is beautifully written. "My story, such as it is," says Mr. Warre Cornish, "is the story of the place, which has an individuality of its own, apart from the human figures that flit across the narrow stage." The figures *are* human: the narrative is charming and genial, diversified by able description and by wise and scholarly comment and discussion: there is irony and no sentimentality. And yet—and yet—there is that unreality preventing one from accepting the book's standards.

I have long felt, perhaps mistakenly, that Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole was not quite properly appreciated. We have not so many writers capable of writing really well that we can afford to stint our praise to those we have. I know that since *The Blue Lagoon* Mr. Stacpoole has had a "boom," but he deserves something better than that. He had written brilliant books before *The Blue Lagoon* (books, I venture to think, much better if less popular): and he is to be considered rather as a fine artist than as a "successful" novelist. *Monsieur de Rochefort* is as good as a story of the kind can be, and that is saying a good deal. However many "romances of old Paris" you may have read, however familiar you may reckon yourself to be with the apparatus of adventure and intrigue, you will find the familiar themes treated here in a way that strikes with all the freshness of novelty. Why? Because the writer can write.

The year of the action is 1770. The conflict of influence rages between the king's mistress, the Comtesse Dubarry, and the King's minister, the Duc de Choiseul. On Dubarry's side is the Lieutenant-General of Police, Monsieur de Sartines:

> Sartines moved through the circles of the Court, mysterious, secretive, professing no politics, yet with his thumb in every pie, and sometimes his whole hand. He was Fouché with the aristocratic particle attached—a policeman and a noble rolled into one. With the genius of Mascarille for intrigue, of Tartuffe for hypocrisy, acting now with the feigned stupidity of a Sganarelle, and always ready to pounce with the pitilessness of a tiger, this extraordinary man exercised a power in the Court of Louis XV. equalled only by the power of the grey cardinal in the time of Richelieu. . . .

The plot is no mechanical contrivance of encounters and escapes and surprises: it is woven of the genuine necessities of character. Rochefort himself, "generous, desperate in

his love and hate, a rake-hell and a *roué*, open-handed when his fist was not clenched, and always laughing." Camus, subtle, ugly, the plotter and poisoner, with his extraordinary fascination for women—Ferminard, actor and dramatist—the cold-hearted, beautiful Mademoiselle Fontrailles—the devoted little Javotte—all these are caught more or less in the terrible opposing systems of Sartines and Choiseul; there are killings and imprisonings, plots and counterplots: and the whole goes with the swing and spontaneity of Rochefort's own spirit.

I should not write of *The Jam Queen* at all but that it is by Miss Netta Syrett, who in the past has done good work, even brilliant work, and from whom consequently one expected better things. What in the world is one to make of this dreary effort? By all outward signs, it is meant to be amusing. The characters are grotesque caricatures, the action largely farcical: the Jam Queen herself talks like this:

I spring from the People in a sense possibly unknown to you. I was one of many child workahs in a match factory at Houndsditch. In that remote period the Board School system was unformulated. I could neithah read nor write. I spoke the cockney jargon of my associates, as innocent of the aspirates as of the precepts of grammah. . . . I coaxed the man next door to teach me my lettahs and the rudiments of calligraphy.

But this good lady's vocabulary and pronunciation constitute perhaps the subtlest humour in the book. There are conventional caricatures of the fanatic, and of the muddled home-neglecting, cause-promoting woman, and of the blue-stocking from college. The elephantine pleasantries of the Jam Queen's high-spirited nephew are hardest to bear.

"Have they offspring?" asked Mrs. Quilter.
"Two offspring—or is it *springs*, Auntie? Or off-*prigs* would be a better word."

As a genuine admirer of Miss Syrett's undoubted talents, I enter my meek little protest. It is all I can do.

GERALD GOULD.

VITALISM

The History and Theory of Vitalism. By HANS DRIESCH, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Heidelberg. Authorised Translation by C. K. OGDEN. Revised and in part rewritten for the English Edition by the Author. Macmillan. 5s. net.

In saying (as we do not hesitate to say) that this is an unsatisfactory book we do not mean to deny that it will be extremely useful to students of the particular problem with which it concerns itself. Professor Driesch is an extraordinarily learned man, and also—in flashes—a profound thinker: many of his historical references are important, and so are many of his speculative theories. Professional biologists and metaphysicians, therefore, will probably find consideration of this brief work a necessary labour. But it is an ill-arranged work, quite needlessly difficult and obscure; it gives the impression of being a collection of lecture-notes rather than a considered treatise: it misconceives the problem it sets out to solve, and its "conclusions" are so unfortunately stated as to appear sometimes altogether too conclusive and sometimes simply not conclusive at all. The translation of such a work must have presented enormous difficulties, and Mr. Ogden is to be congratulated upon his success in dealing with them.

The History and Theory of Vitalism is in three parts: a Critical Introduction, a Historical Retrospect, and a Theoretical Exposition. The first part, which occupies only a few pages, is the clearest and most satisfactory. It frames one essential distinction:

Are the processes of life to be judged teleological only in virtue of their given order, only because a given mechanical form lies beneath them, while every single one is really a pure physical or chemical process—or are the processes of life purposive because of an unanalysible autonomy? For the future we shall use the terms *static* and *dynamic* teleology to mark this opposition. . . . Dynamic teleology leads us to what is generally called *Vitalism*; it leads us to the recognition of the "autonomy of vital processes."

The historical part is full of minute learning and subtle distinctions: it is a triumph of mere knowledge. But the facts are not so arranged as to serve either memory or speculation to the best advantage. Good and bad passages alternate. Nothing could be much more pointless than to waste space in telling us: "Liebmann's entirely critical treatment is unsuitable for a short summary. We will merely refer to his characteristic predilection for the Aristotelian expression 'Entelechy.'" The fact that page upon page is filled with brief allusions, instead of all details being subordinated to a developing story, makes a summary of this "history" impossible. Two points of special interest may, however, be referred to. The difficulties of Kantian self-contradiction are admirably analysed:

At the close of the Analytic he expressly describes the concept of an end of nature as purely regulative, and this in spite of the fact which must always be emphasised that he reckons men, acting autonomously, as included in nature.

But it is easy, and therefore usual, to overstress the contradictions in Kant. The category of causation, like the other categories, applies to the *phenomenal* world: to conceive it as a *relation* between the noumenal and the phenomenal is to go outside the original Kantian position—and yet unless one does so go outside one cannot get that autonomy of the soul which is the essential of morals. So Kant contradicts himself—as life contradicts itself. Aristotle was involved in the same dilemma by identifying his final cause (which remains the essential idea of all teleological systems) with the formal and efficient causes. Pure form was the τέλος; but this pure form it was that had to "get a move on" the matter of evolution. How was it to do so? If the matter, the ὕλη, was pure potentiality, there was no resistance and therefore nothing to be moved: if it had reality of its own, how could the pure form, the εἶδος (which is the only reality) get into touch with it? So with the Platonic ideas: so with all metaphysics. Turn to Professor Driesch's handling of Darwinism: Darwin himself is absolved from the vagaries of the Darwinians, but is attacked in the assertion that he

(as is well known) had, to begin with, left the question of the nature and measure of "variability" open; a course which reduced his doctrine to the self-evident proposition that what was not capable of existence could not exist ("Natural Selection"), but yet did not render it obviously meaningless.

Surely here (and again in the assertion that Darwinism, "at any rate . . . as codified in the 'seventies and 'eighties," claimed "to show how something purposively constructed could arise by absolute chance") we get the old *sophisma figuræ dictionis*; "chance" to natural science does not mean what it means to philosophy—nor does "variability." Nor, in fact, does anything. If a philosopher talks of "chance," he is talking nonsense, for he is *ex hypothesi* dealing with a reality which excludes breaches of causality. But if a biologist (and when did Darwin claim to be providing more than biological explanations?) uses such terms, he is using a convenient shorthand which is perfectly legitimate in science, science being of its nature an abstraction. We do not say that Darwin and Darwinians and scientists generally have consistently realised this fact: we merely say Professor Driesch should realise it.

XUM

And this brings us directly to the third part of his book—the theoretical. In this, he tells us,

> Deductive Vitalism as a real union of logic and biology, or rather as a sort of filling out of certain departments of logic with biological facts, will be developed here for the first time.

You can, of course, no more fill out logic with biology than faintness with hay. The conclusion is all the more amazing in that most of Professor Driesch's logical dicta are sound and simple and wise:

> The concept of *wholeness* is already found in pure logic. . . . Pure logic, the pure "theory of order," remains always the real foundation of all philosophy of nature: or, in other words, the "categories" rest upon purely logical concepts. . . . We may speak of the *degree of manifoldness* of a concept, meaning thereby the number of different irreducible (elementary) characters which enter into its complete definition—these characters being suchnesses and relations. . . . What . . . we must *postulate*, if our theory of becoming is really to provide us with an analogy to the logical relation of consequences, is the following: The degree of manifoldness of a natural system can never increase of itself, *i.e.* without a cause as its quasi-sufficient reason.

But the cloven hoof shows here:

> The "principle of becoming" . . . states that all becoming in space depends on the existence of differences of what is called the "intensity" of energy, as, *e.g.*, temperature. May this principle be saved also in spite of the action of individualising causality? I think it may, if only we suppose that the non-mechanical agent which is the bearer of individualising causality is able to *suspend* such happening as is *possible* on the basis of pre-existing differences of intensity and as *would* occur without the suspension.

Individualising causality, apparently, is to have the veto, but not the initiative or the recall. What else can the passage mean? Yet to mean this is to give "causality" no meaning for either logic or science. If individualising causality is to avoid the reproaches levelled at Darwinian chance, must it not resemble the Aristotelian εἶδος and the Kantian autonomous self? That will prove Vitalism all right, but in a way utterly unaffected by biological research. Natural science, in short, cannot prove metaphysical theory. This Professor Driesch seems partly to realise in his despondent attitude towards both phylogeny and history—but what in Heaven's name does he mean by ranking metaphysics as something which cannot go "beyond probabilities or even mere possibilities," while he talks about—and italicises—"*the firm ground of physics, chemistry and physical chemistry*"? He admits that all empirical "proofs" of vitalism can be only "indirect proofs"—*i.e.*, "they can only make it clear that mechanical or singular causality is *not* sufficient for an explanation of what happens." But that was clear before.

It may be said we have treated this learned book by a considerable philosopher on lines too hackneyed and elementary. Doubtless this is true, but it is not for any lack of respect: it is because of a profound conviction that modern philosophy is going astray after the false gods (false, that is, *for* philosophy) of natural science—hence all the bastard broods of pragmatism, humanism, and their like—and we would fain reclaim Vitalism from the danger of mothering such creatures into the old and safe and familiar paths of domesticity—and make an honest philosophy of her.

THE PROGRESS OF SYNDICALISM

Syndicalism in France. By LOUIS LEVINE. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

Economics and Syndicalism. By A. W. KIRKALDY (Professor of Finance in the University of Birmingham). Cambridge University Press. 1s. net.

It was some three years ago, we believe, that a distinguished ornament of the Bench explained to an Old Bailey jury that Syndicalism was "a diabolical system invented by someone or other to promote a general strike for the purpose, apparently, of establishing a Socialistic Republic." That definition, if not fastidiously accurate, did no doubt represent the feeling of "the nobility, clergy, and gentry," as well as their butlers and the millions of widows and orphans who own our railways and other industrial enterprises. Since then, however, the Syndicalist bogey has become quite familiar. Not only has the public ceased to tremble at its shadow, but a considerable section takes a keen interest in it, and has really begun to study it intelligently. For the growth of this interest and understanding—here and in America at any rate—the credit is largely due to Dr. Louis Levine, author of *The Labour Movement in France*. That work was an admirably unbiassed account of the history and philosophy and methods of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, of the contribution of M. Sorel and the other intellectuals to its theory, and of its actual development in the hands of the workmen themselves, and it took its place immediately it appeared in 1912 as the most complete and illuminating study in English of the doctrine and practice of Syndicalism. Dr. Levine has now given us a second edition, with a new title and some additional matter. It is to this additional matter, naturally enough, that we turn with the greatest interest. And, to be candid, we must confess to some disappointment. The work seems to have been rather hastily done. There is no index, which is a grave defect in a book of this character. The many errata of the first edition are left uncorrected and have even been added to in the second. The Trade Union Congress of Havre (1912), for instance, is consistently called the Congress of Toulouse—a particularly unfortunate blunder, since the previous Congress in 1910 was held at Toulouse, and the reader who is not already familiar with French Trade Union history will find himself hopelessly confused. But more serious still is the inadequate notice given to the most striking developments in the C.G.T. during the last two years—the transformation of the section of *Bourses du Travail* into the section of *Unions Départementales*, and a change of policy so considerable that a good many critics have hailed it as a complete "*rectification de tir*." Dr. Levine relegates the first of these developments to a footnote. He says that "the reorganisation was made necessary by the rapid growth of *Bourses du Travail*, the number of which far outstripped the number of Federations of Industry, and which thus controlled the policies of the Confederal Committee." But surely the change was prompted even more by the confusion than by the multiplication of the *Bourses du Travail*; the new scheme of *Unions Départementales*, with its permanent organisers and its close co-ordination of the individual Bourses in each of the 86 Departments of the country, marks a definite advance in Trade Union organisation, which is far more important than a readjustment of control in the Confederal Committee. Nor, again, does Dr. Levine do justice, in the short paragraph in which he alludes to it, to the recent change of policy of the French Syndicalists. We are told that "the C.G.T. during 1913 revealed a conscious determination to steer clear of hazardous movements of a revolutionary character," and that "the cautious action of the Confederation incensed the Anarchistic groups who had supported the Confederation all along." But there has been, in fact, a solemn and deliberate repudiation of Anarchism. It was becoming increasingly plain last year that the C.G.T. was in a sickly condition. A plethora of ill-conceived strikes had demoralised the spirits and reduced the numbers of many of the Unions, while the propaganda of anti-parliamentarism and anti-patriotism had been done to death and had obscured the crying need for constructive Trade Union work. It was the frank recognition of these unpleasant facts that has formed so marked a feature of

meetings and congresses, that has filled the columns of the Press with controversy, and that has determined the C.G.T. to pull itself together, to reassert that Syndicalism looks neither to Anarchists nor to Socialists for salvation, but to the Trade Union forces alone. And the consequences of this determination have taken practical shape in definitely Trade Union propaganda and recruitment, in vigorous attempts to curb a strike policy which was often nothing but wild "insurrectionism," to improve the financial position, to create unemployment funds, to push forward the organisation of women and of the large masses of immigrant labour, and the demand for reforms such as the reduction of hours and *la semaine anglaise* (the Saturday half-holiday). All this is obviously very important for the student who wants to see the French Labour Movement as it is, or to trace the pressure of facts upon the theories of Syndicalism, and it is much to be regretted that Dr. Levine has not given us what the excellence of his previous work entitled us to expect from him.

Professor Kirkaldy's book is "a horse of another colour." The title is rather misleading, for Syndicalism is disposed of in a very few pages and in a fashion which shows the writer has but the dimmest conception of what it is. The whole book is really a crude anti-Socialist tract. Its general object is apparently to prove the absurdity of Socialism, and to encourage "the backbone of the industrial army to adopt an attitude on economic questions which will make for evolution and progress instead of revolution and disaster." The reader is taken on a rapid tour, so to speak, through the galleries of Political Economy. Beginning with primitive man developing from the hunting to the pastoral, agricultural, and early commercial stages, we hurry on to Plato, Aristotle, Moses, the Canon Law, the Mercantile System, the Physiocrats, and Adam Smith. All this takes thirty short pages. Then we trot past Robert Owen and F. D. Maurice, St. Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Rodbertus, Malthus, Mill, Lassalle, and Karl Marx. Finally, we get to "Socialism today and its Rival—Syndicalism," both of which are grossly misrepresented. The Syndicalists' real object, we are informed, "is to put themselves, or the workers, in what they consider the favoured position of the owners of capital. Thus they wish to seize the whole means of production for the benefit of manual labour, and that only, to the detriment of all other sections of the community." This Professor Kirkaldy considers an impudent proposal—as, indeed, it would be, if anyone had ever advanced it! The Socialists' ideas, however, are "kindly and well meant, but utterly impracticable." For, as we are solemnly told, "capital is wealth used in producing more wealth; it is an instrument and a very delicate one, because it is consumed in the using; it must be replaced and added to, or progress will cease. No arrangements are made for any of these contingencies in the proposals of Socialism." It is melancholy to think that a Professor in an important University can write such nonsense. We are bound to say that this volume is quite unworthy of a place in a series like the *Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature.*

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

Elizabethan Literature. By John Mackinnon Robertson, M.P. (Home University Library.) Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.

Mr. J. M. Robertson is a distinguished man, and he must consent to be judged by a high standard. By a low one, his book might pass; but we do not propose to apply a low one. The difficulties of treating Elizabethan literature are enormous. A short treatise on such a subject cannot hope to be at once an illumination to the expert and a guide to the beginner. It must choose between the two ideals, and this book has not chosen. It can scarcely be said to provide anything novel in its presentment or treatment of facts, except where it has gone astray, and one should not go astray where the young and innocent may heedlessly follow one.

We do not, of course, mean that Mr. Robertson has, for the sake of novelty, said anything he does not sincerely think. We mean only that the orthodox view is the safer for the student. Mr. Robertson's weaknesses as a judge of literature may be partly gauged by such judgments as these: "Even the great epic verse of Milton is perhaps more often skilful than inspired"; "The intellectual space between Elyot and Hooker, even between Ascham and Bacon, suggests an interval rather of centuries than of one or two generations, alike in point of elaboration in thought and of refinement in style" (as if the "intellectual space" between any two *individuals* could be measured in *time*!); "Literature was all the freer for the lack of exact knowledge."

We could continue the list; but opinions, after all, are only opinions, and everyone has a right to his own. It is different with matters of fact. "The average stanza verse, following the wavering example of Lydgate, has lost" (*i.e.*, in the time preceding the Elizabethan) "the syllabic precision in which Hoccleve still followed their elder contemporary Chaucer." Whether Hoccleve counted his syllables better than Lydgate is a disputable matter; personally, we think he did, though Professor Saintsbury, perhaps the greatest living authority on prosody, has said that his "versification frequently sprawls and staggers in a fashion beside which even Lydgate's is well girt and neatly moving." But, anyway, to talk of his "syllabic precision" is surely beside the point. This is a side issue, but it is significant. Spenser's *Four Hymns* are called "youthful performances"; but that is true of only two of them, as Spenser himself expressly points out and stresses in his own dedication. "In the *Faerie Queene*, the master of the lovely line and the exquisite phrase outgoes the popular dramatists in his resort to images of nastiness." Spenser outgoes, we learn, "the horrors of Dante's hell by his laboured pictures of the merely beastly." We do not, of course, pretend to have immediately in recollection all Spenser's images, but we contradict Mr. Robertson on this point with some confidence. "The plan is uncompleted: the eighth canto is but begun; and there were to have been twenty-four." To what does this apply? To the *Faerie Queene* apparently; and the only thing that can be meant is the canto numbered 8 of the fragmentary book hypothetically labelled "Book VII." But *were* there to have been twenty-four cantos of this book? There are twelve only to each of the other books. Nor could the ignorant gather from what Mr. Robertson says that he is speaking of any particular Book and not of the *Faerie Queene* as a whole. The attribution of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* to John Still, which is now questioned by some of the best authorities, is given without a hint that it is anything but an unquestionable fact.

Again we could continue the list. But, again, enough. We dislike the task of picking holes in a work to the making of which considerable erudition and thought have gone; possibly it is almost too much to hope that so vast a theme should be dealt with without the making of mistakes. One criterion of a work on Elizabethan literature is what it says about Shakespeare, and on Shakespeare Mr. Robertson has some fine and true things to say, as well as on some minor people—notably Drayton. But we

must frankly confess that even as to Shakespeare we are met with the most astonishing statements:

> Merely to say that never since has such genius existed is at once to go beyond our real warrant and to miss recognition of some of the most relevant facts. . . . It is important to realise that even a second Shakespeare in almost any subsequent period, certainly in our own day, would be debarred from bestowing on his work such literary splendour as blazes from the great tragedies of the great master. . . . Modern drama, in commercial theatres, is conditioned by the need for long "runs" to cover large expenses; Shakespeare was free, within the limits of his own discretion, to load a play with purely literary value to an extent which modern managers could not permit.

We had meant to comment on this, but comment is beyond us. We must leave it at that.

THE BALKAN WAR

The Inner History of the Balkan War. By LIEUT.-COL. REGINALD RANKIN. Constable. 15s. net.

There is something unusually depressing about the Balkan War; it was a long time coming and it was a sordid business when it came. Thirty-three times the wise men promised a great war "when the snow melts in the Balkans," and thirty-three times that snow melted without a declaration of war. The Peninsula had become a grave of prophetic reputations, when war came at last through the unimpressive agency of Montenegro. It had been the first hope of Europe, whose diplomacy since Disraeli had been frankly romantic, that the oppressed Christians of the Peninsula would be rescued from the brutal Turk by the heroic efforts of their disinterested neighbours; but that hope was cruelly disappointed when the oppressed Christians insisted in the League of 1912 upon rescuing themselves. The war appeared at first to possess a certain dignity, because it fitted into a historical perspective. There was something large, like the peroration of a history book, about the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, which satisfied the aspirations of militant ethnologists; but even that glamour was dimmed when the Turk declined to be expelled from Europe and was enabled by the savage dissensions of his European enemies to retain a European province. The Balkan War neglected its opportunities; when it might have pointed a racial moral and adorned a theological tale, it was a dismal example of blundering and sanguinary self-interest.

It is the misfortune of war-correspondents that they are compelled to write history at short range; it is an unsatisfactory method of historical composition, because no man can write a history of the Near East in the Orient Express; but Lieut.-Col. Rankin, who followed the Bulgarian army for the *Times* newspaper, has gone tolerably near to producing a book of permanent value. Its contents are, perhaps, a little miscellaneous; there is a study of a Balkan diplomatist with extracts from his contributions to English reviews, a good deal of early Balkan history and literary ornament, and the customary narrative of a war-correspondent's draughts of small beer. But the body of the volume contains a lucid and intelligible history of the war, which is by a long way the best study yet published in English. The military history of the Balkan War is still in the irritating stage where one is driven to rely upon extracts from newspapers, but that is not the author's fault, and he deserves every credit for combining the scattered elements of contemporary information into a piece of highly creditable history. Like most literary soldiers, he writes with a surprising delicacy, and his quiet taste for gardening would do credit to any mild-eyed literary man. There is only one serious fault to be found in this book; Lieut.-Col. Rankin is guilty in several passages of unreasoning anti-Semitism. He is fully entitled to dislike and to criticise the Young Turks, but when he directs the attention of his readers to a nightmare of Jewish conspiracies against "an intellectual and progressive Christianity," he is less intelligent. The silencing of the world's Press "under Jewish auspices" and the lurid operations of "financiers of the Hebrew or any other brand" are about as true to life as the description which the author gives of Balkan Christianity in a volume containing the history of the second Balkan War.

This book is called an "Inner History" of the war, but it is perhaps optimistic to expect revelations about events that are so recent. The chief disclosure contained in it is the career of Mr. Bourchier, "the unattached diplomatist who has broken up the Turkish Empire in Europe." This gentleman, who gave the author a most attractive portrait of himself, crowned a career as Assistant Master at Eton and Special Correspondent of the *Times* by becoming the confidant of M. Venezelos and King Ferdinand. His operations are imperfectly revealed, but it seems clear that he was responsible to a considerable extent for the combination of Bulgaria and Greece. Whether he made any contributions to the alliance of Servia and Bulgaria, which was the decisive combination of the war, is less obvious; because M. Gueshoff had already interviewed M. Milovanovitch when Mr. Bourchier went to Belgrade. At any rate, he is a supremely interesting example of a familiar type. The "-phobe" is a Continental product, but the "-phil" is almost exclusively British. The crusading temper of wholly disinterested interference which sent Byron to Missolonghi is admirably expressed in the career of Mr. Bourchier; the energy which he has displayed is fully rewarded by the respect in which he is held in Sofia, and he continues with credit the tradition of the gentlemen who burned to expel the Russians from Poland and the Austrians from Italy.

The most tragic figure of the Balkan War is Bulgaria; one is not often privileged to observe within a single year the rise and fall of a European reputation. The Levantine hillmen, with a king from France and a minister from Queen's College, rose in one campaign to the height of glory. They were credited in this country with all the Anglo-Saxon virtues, which had been formerly attributed to the Japanese; they became a bright example to the National Service League and a warning to all pacifists, humanitarians, and malignant persons. Rumour generously offered to them the support of European finance, a place in the Triple Alliance, and the city of Constantinople. Within nine months their own armies were driven in by their allies upon their own capital. It is a strange game.

THE PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION

The Nature and First Principle of Taxation. By ROBERT JONES, B.Sc. With a Preface by SIDNEY WEBB, LL.B. King. 7s. 6d. net.

The study of the theory of taxation possesses this advantage over most of the other abstract branches of economics, that it is possible to sum up the gist of any point of view in a few sentences or even a few words. Mr. Jones has made full use of the opportunity offered by this feature of his problem. He has collected together a very large number of extracts from writers on taxation during all ages, from those represented in the early scriptures to the present day. It may be that a good many people who read Mr. Jones's collection of extracts will feel quite sure that they do not desire to study the sources of those extracts any further. But it is certainly a great advantage to have all these generalisations thrown together. At the least it serves to show how ancient are even the most modern of social principles, and how inevitably circumscribed is the stock of general ideas from which the most revolutionary theorist must take his choice.

Within the circumscribed sphere, however, there is infinite room for readjustment and re-analysis. Mr. Jones starts with a distinction between pure taxes and quasi-taxes. The essence of a tax is that (*a*) it is compulsory, (*b*) that it is not given for a definite measured something in return—in which case it is a price. A quasi-tax contains elements of both a tax and a price. Mr. Jones's example of a quasi-tax is a water-rate, which to one consumer may contain most of the elements of a pure tax, whilst to another it represents merely a price. Mr. Jones's analysis does not seem to make sufficiently clear allowance for the service or commodity forced upon the individual by the community at less than cost price, and therefore without "profit" to the State. His example of a water-rate might well come within this category on occasion. And what is the position of compulsory State insurance contributions? Is not the gross income of the Board of Trade's Unemployment Fund as much a part of the State revenue as the water-rate is of the local authority's revenue? And, if so, presumably the employer's contribution is a tax and the worker's a quasi-tax.

However, one can haggle over definitions for ever. More important is Mr. Jones's exposition of his all-embracing principle of taxation—the principle of Economy. On this point Mr. Jones is, on the whole, quite convincing. That is to say, his method of arriving at the criteria of good taxation (regarding taxation solely as a means of raising revenue) seems to be the most fruitful. The meaning of the principle of Economy as he conceives it is best stated in his own words:

> The principle of Economy demands (1) that taxes should be levied so that the production of economic goods may be checked as little as possible, or not at all; (2) that if the distribution of wealth is altered, the alteration will be such as to increase productivity; (3) that the like will apply to the distribution of population; (4) that the less useful parts of incomes will be taken before the more useful parts; (5) that the whole of the loss to the taxpayer will reappear as a gain to the Treasury, or as nearly so as possible; (6) that the cost of collecting will be as low as is compatible with efficiency.

There is, however, one tacit assumption of Mr. Jones's point of view which seems inconsistent with a proper appreciation of the function of taxation in modern society. He seems to treat taxation throughout solely as a means of raising revenue. But is this really possible? In the second point of his definition of the principle of Economy he writes: "*if* the distribution of wealth is altered"; but must not taxation be regarded definitely as a means of redistributing wealth, not only in the interests of productivity, but also in those of social justice? Similarly (as Mr. Webb points out in his preface), we cannot treat the taxes upon alcohol or upon the use of firearms simply as a means of producing revenue. There can, in fact, be no complete theory of taxation wholly dissociated from the general objects of government, because no system of taxation ever has been constructed solely with a view to the production of revenue in the most economical manner, and because the ulterior objects of taxation are likely to play an increasing part in the determination of fiscal policy in the future. The objects and the methods of taxation being inseparably interwoven in practice, can they be dissociated in theory?

SHORTER NOTICES

Die Kultur des Modernen England. Vol. I., *Die Geistige Hebung der Volksmassen in England*, 4 m. Vol. II., *Volksbildung und Volkswohlfahrt in England*, 4 m. 50. Vol. III., *Die Gartenstadtbewegung in England*, 4 m. 50. Vol. IV., *Die Präraphaelitismus in England*, 3 m. 75. Vol. V., *Das Englische Theater der Gegenwart*, 4 m. 50. Vol. VI., *Die Neuere Englische Sozialpolitik*, 4 m. Verlag v. R. Oldenbourg, Munich and Berlin.

It is a sad task to review at this moment these six volumes, which are the first of a new series produced with the object of promoting a friendly, mutual understanding between this country and Germany. They seek to achieve this purpose by describing the cultural evolution of England and her great literary, artistic, social and political movements. We may at once say that all this is carried out in these six volumes with a thoroughness that must leave the merely native expert in these subjects blushing at his own ignorance.

The first two volumes are by Dr. Schulze. They cover a wide ground. In the first volume the author narrates the history and describes the present work of all the institutions for popular education which supplement the work of the local government bodies and the Universities. The second volume discusses settlements, public libraries, and such religious and secular forces as may be regarded as educational. In this connection Dr. Schulze laughs at the English Theatre. We learn once again that Shakespeare and Shaw, of course, are played very much more in Germany than in their own country; and the long-run system is pitched into mercilessly. Of Herr Berlepsch-Valendas's book on Garden Cities we need only state the apparent omniscience and the excellent plans and illustrations. Professor Springer on Pre-Raphaelitism is, in his subject, as thorough as any of the others, going down to minute details of description of Morris fabrics and so on. Dr. Stahl on the English theatre of the last century leaves off just where his subject is about to get interesting.

Mr. Lloyd George has contributed a preface to Herr Walter's book on the new English social policy. This has a few illuminating sentences, as, for instance, the description of early labour legislation as "a body of *palliatory* measures" (the italics are not ours). The author describes industrial evolution and the recent developments of political thought quite briefly, and then proceeds to explain and examine the social legislation of the Liberal Government from an enlightened point of view. He makes a slip, we notice, on page 8, in which the Fabian Society is referred to as a non-Socialist body in its origin and apparently up to a recent date. This, of course, is not the case; the Society has always been a Socialist body and described itself as such.

The Religion of the Sikhs. By DOROTHY FIELD. "Wisdom of the East" Series. Murray. 2s. net.

The Gods of India. By the Rev. E. O. MARTIN. Dent. 4s. 6d. net.

The Sikh religion, a product of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is the latest of the old faiths possessing an important body of scriptures. These were translated and the lives of the ten Gurus (founders, teachers, and nation-makers) written by the late M. A. Macauliffe, of the Punjab civil service. The compiler of this little book has perforce drawn her whole material from Macauliffe's six volumes. She tells, unfortunately, the magnificent story of the Sikhs with singular flatness, but makes up in part by her extracts from the Sikh Bible—the Granth. Yet even here she has not done very well. The Gurus were given to endless repetition, but they struck out plenty of noble passages. Miss Field quotes fifty pages, into which space, we think, she might have got less of the repetition and more of the great fragments.

It is a sign of changing times that Mr. Martin, for many years a Wesleyan missionary, should handle the divinities of India with so considerable a measure of fairness. He holds, of course, the conventional European idea of "idolatry," and is usually content to state the characteristics of the deities without any serious attempt at interpretation. But the movement of things is not slow in the mission field, and we may expect that the missionary of the coming generation will be as far in advance of Mr. Martin as Mr. Martin is of his mid-Victorian predecessors. The volume is, on the whole, usefully informing. It is well supplied with pictures, the symbolism of which should have been thoroughly explained. The list of books consulted is very meagre.

My First Years as a Frenchwoman, 1876-79. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

During the years with which this book mostly deals, Mme. Waddington's husband was the French Minister of Public Instruction, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, and finally, for a few months, Premier. The author, an American by origin, was therefore in a position to gain an extraordinarily interesting insight into French society. Time, however, appears to have blurred her recollections: she paints portraits but supplies few of the details beloved of the reader of memoirs. There is a vivid description of the trial of Bazaine in 1873, and a sympathetic chapter on Lord Lyons, but the greater part of the book contains generalities. The account, scattered through many chapters, of the gradual recovery of French society from the shock of the war with Germany is perhaps the most interesting feature of the book.

Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century. By Sir A. V. Dicey. Second Edition. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

The work remains unaltered in its new edition, but the author has added a preface which preserves only the style, and not the critical and temperate spirit, of the body of the book. After a few pages which promise better things, Prof. Dicey launches himself upon a

XUM

diatribe against Liberal legislation, or at least against all the effective pieces of it. The Education (Provision of Meals) Act and the Old Age Pensions Acts are condemned because they allow the father of the recipient, in the former case, and the recipient himself, in the latter, to continue the exercise of his vote. The Mental Deficiency Act "is the first step along a path on which no sane man can decline to enter, but which, if too far pursued, will bring statesmen across difficulties hard to meet without considerable interference with individual liberty." His pessimism is relieved only by the thought that democracy and collectivism, which to-day go hand in hand, and to the combination of which he ascribes the things he dislikes, are incompatible, and that before long this country will be saved from ruin by the divorce of these incoherent elements. That is as it may be; in our opinion Prof. Dicey sees antinomies where none exist, as, for instance, where he attempts to contrast the ideally collectivist and the democratic views on divorce.

THE CITY

OWING to the fact that on Monday last I was still in Germany, this will not be an ordinary City article; but, in the circumstances, it should be none the less interesting on that account. And the City is not an agreeable thing to write about just now! On July 31st people in Germany did not believe war was imminent. The newspapers were in at the hotel in which I was staying in a Black Forest resort, and an old gentleman at breakfast said to his neighbour, "The news looks better. I don't think there will be trouble. Moreover, it is strange they haven't recalled my son, who is an officer, and is with us." "It is the same with my boy," replied the other. "He has not been recalled, nor has his brother, in Frankfort, from whom I have just had a letter, received any warning to hold himself in readiness." That evening, however, when I reached another little spa, the rumour was about that mobilisation would take place. Three officers had received telegrams at 5 o'clock; one had ejaculated, "Good God!" and they had rushed off in a motor-car, without waiting for all their luggage to be packed. An hour later, a military official, accompanied by a bugler, marched through the streets, and announced martial law, requesting the populace to read the placards displayed in all public places. My landlord, whom an hour previously I had seen playing in the street with his little children, received his orders to depart at 8.30 next morning. The motor services were suspended (it was twenty miles to a railway station), so I walked to the Swiss border, about that distance away. This not being a travel article, I will content myself with the remark that the preceding sentence does not exhaust the incident and variety of the journey. The men first called out were destined to guard the railway, the bridges, etc., and it was not until the day after that the mobilisation proper was ordered. I found that while I might be able to get into Switzerland, it was extremely improbable that I should get back, so I preferred to travel back through Germany as best I could.

* * *

And here I must say that, contrary to the general opinion of how German military authorities act, they showed the utmost consideration for the general public. Notices were exhibited everywhere stating that for two days the whole ordinary passenger train service would continue, with registration of luggage, etc., after which civilians would be permitted to travel by military trains so far as the exigencies of the service permitted. The general mobilisation was spread over six days, and appears to be going like clockwork. I am one of the few people left in England who do not claim to be military experts, but some years served in the now defunct Volunteer force enable me at least to appreciate a few technical points, and what I saw of troops assembling and on the march (huge masses of artillery were moving towards Liége) does not encourage me to believe much of what the daily papers are furnishing as news. At the

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frontier we were all searched and our cameras confiscated, and after a series of journeys that some of us will not forget Brussels was reached, where we learned that towns we had just left had been invaded and destroyed by the Germans several hours before we had passed through them. As one of my American fellow fugitives said, Belgium was certainly the birthplace of Ananias; but it is only fair to add that up to that moment we had not seen any of the London evening papers. At Ostend British citizens are accumulating by thousands, and we had the pleasure of starting in a boat which was ordered back, and were assured that the service was indefinitely suspended.

* * *

It was remarkable to observe within four days the collapse of credit in three different countries. In Cologne notices were out warning the public against panic with regard to paper money. The public was, however, disregarding this, and was endeavouring to get rid of paper currency, which, however, was still being accepted on the railways, the post offices, and other public offices. In Belgium it was worse. There was a run on the Banque de Belgique, which had to be barricaded and guarded by soldiers. When I passed it on the second day, at six in the morning, there was already a long queue of people waiting to change notes. Provision shops were closed in Brussels and Ostend, with notices on the shutters that owing to the lack of change for paper money they could not continue business. And on arriving in England several of us could not obtain food because the refreshment rooms at Folkestone could give no change, and five-pound notes were not negotiable. Americans, divested of their motor-cars by the Germans, found themselves stranded with letters of credit in their pockets, but no cash. In Belgium banking establishments were closed under the pretext that the staff had been called up for military service. This collapse of credit, the repercussion of which is felt throughout the world, shows to how great an extent our whole commercial and financial fabric is based on credit. Once confidence is shaken in the ability of people to meet their engagements, the whole financial fabric topples over, and people are satisfied with gold only. Even this statement must be qualified, for in many cases shopkeepers are in such a panic abroad that they will not accept foreign gold, although it is perfectly well known that gold coinage, unless much worn, is always worth its face value. The poorer public on the Continent, not often seeing gold, is at present hoarding silver, and as that is not worth anything like its face value, many Governments will doubtless issue more of that currency until it depreciates. In a world crisis like this a moratorium—that is, a legal delay for the payment of debts—becomes necessary if universal financial ruin is to be averted. One example will suffice. As already stated, the whole commercial fabric of the country rests upon a credit basis. A business man possesses certain securities, stocks, shares, houses, and so on, to the value of, let us say, five thousand pounds. In ordinary times he borrows on their security, four thousand, thus leaving a margin of twenty per cent. The crisis comes and prices fall heavily, so that the margin is exhausted. The bank in the ordinary way informs the customer that he must lodge with them sufficient cash to reduce his loan to a figure which, after allowing for reduced prices, still leaves the usual margin, or they will have to sell the stocks for what they will fetch. Meanwhile, many of the stocks have become unsaleable. It will be seen that if this occurs all through a country, absolute ruin will result. Hence a moratorium is the only way out, and Europe—nay, the world—is going to see what a moratorium is like on a scale that has never previously been dreamed of.

Perhaps I may add that while German diplomacy seems to have blundered badly, the German people are themselves convinced that they have been tricked by Russia. I heard no word of animosity against England, which, all agreed, desired peace. I return from Germany with the feeling that the German nation feels that it is surrounded by foes, that it is fighting for its existence, and that they are entering upon the war with a sad but resolute determination to fight to the very end. And whoever be responsible (and I have had a sharp lesson as to how different peoples can honestly believe that the other is the calculating aggressor), this war is a crime against humanity. The sound of weeping women still lingers in my ears. EMIL DAVIES.

FINANCIAL ITEMS

Consett Iron.—Since the 1913 balance sheet appeared this company has presented its Ordinary shareholders with £250,000 to make up their shares to £10 fully paid, and the share capital has been put on a £1 share basis. This gift followed a dividend of 60 per cent. for the year. The year ended June, 1914, shows much less satisfactory results, for profits have fallen by £171,000 to £408,000, and the dividend is reduced to 30 per cent. This practically wipes out the exceptional earnings of 1913, and reduces them to the 1912 level. Shareholders are, of course, quite used to these remarkable fluctuations, but this company has always "made good." For the past twenty-six years the dividend has never been less than 10 per cent., except for 1895, when 9 per cent. was paid. Its liquid position is admirable; there are investments £319,000 (no particulars given), and the actual cash in hand, after providing for the dividends due August 1st, amounted to £210,000. The company retains the old plural voting system: one vote for each Ordinary share up to ten, and one for every five beyond; one for every two Preference shares up to ten, and one for every ten beyond.

Gas Light & Coke.—There is nothing very satisfactory about the accounts of this company for the half-year to June, 1914. Compared with the corresponding period of 1913 the revenue fell away by £66,000, and expenses increased by £44,000; nothing is placed to Special Purposes Fund as against £33,000 last year, and the company emerges with a carry forward of £535,000, after having cut into the amount brought in at the beginning of 1914 by some £79,000. The dividend at the rate of £4 17s. 4d. per cent. is, however, maintained. This is the fourth consecutive half-year during which the company has not earned the amounts paid away in dividends. The directors attribute the bad results to the high price of coal and the narrow market for residuals. Undoubtedly the cost of coal has been abnormally high, but contracts at lower prices are now in force. Doubtless, also, when the company's unopposed Bill for the retention of a calorific test only receives Royal assent the position will be easier, but these advantages do not come before they are needed. There will certainly, we think, be a slackening in demand for gas for industrial purposes during the war, and altogether t is uncertain just how much, if at all, the company will gain by its reduced cost of manufacture.

Tanganyika Concessions (Rhodesia).—This is a serious gamble, as many have found to their cost. Its £1 shares have stood as high as 8¼, and are now (or were before the Stock Exchange closed) about 2. Its chief asset consists of 60,000 square miles acquired in the Congo Free State, on which there exists an immense copper belt. Several mines are being worked, but the trouble is to get the copper from the middle of Africa to Europe. The company has put huge sums into railways, first to get the mineral out to the Indian Ocean, and now for the purpose of getting it out westwards to the Atlantic. This latter task will take another three years. The real prize appears to be the company's holding (40 per cent.) in the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, which company will earn, according to the estimate of the cheerful chairman, round about £2,000,000 in profits in the next three years. We hope it may be so, but just at the moment it is doubtful whether shareholders can muster the courage to believe it. For 1913 there was a debit on profit and loss account of £176,000, and for 1912 one of £136,000. These regular deficits are set off against the account for premiums on share issues, which now stands at £428,000. The company was formed in 1899, and no dividends have yet been paid. The British South Africa Company was incorported ten years earlier, and no dividends have been earned. Rhodesia appears to be a country of deferred hopes.

Anchor Line (Henderson Bros.).—The Cunard Line holds all the Ordinary share capital, thus securing control. Hence the 15 per cent. dividend declared for the year ended April, 1914, goes into the coffers of the larger undertaking. On the whole, 1913 was less satisfactory for shipping companies than the previous year, but the Anchor Line's profit only declined some £14,000 to £295,000. Of late years ample depreciation has been written off, and the Reserve Fund now totals £300,000. The current year opened none too well; the *California* stranded, freight rates have been lower, and traffics smaller. The company's fleet trades from Glasgow to New York, from the Mediterranean to New York, and from Glasgow and Liverpool to Calcutta and Bombay. It would appear that the war will not benefit the company unless the Government require the ships.

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